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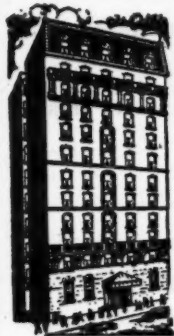
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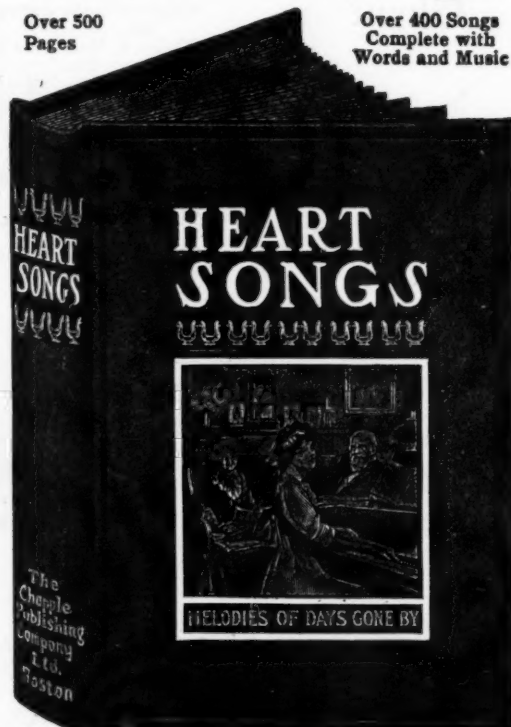
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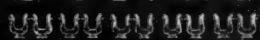
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"If Winter Comes"—in Miami

MIDNIGHT, New Year's eve in Miami—
The night clubs are ablaze with many lights.
Automobiles come and go;
It is not snowing for it does not snow in Miami,
There is a breeze blowing in from the ocean,
The Atlantic, making a mighty effort
To send a chilling blast that will give
Proper setting for the New Year.
The winds try hard to chill the soft spring air,
But the gulf stream laughs gaily at the effort,
And the warm breath wafts a gay, rippling,
Dancing breeze of springtime o'er the city.

New Year's eve in Miami—
The city is gay with dancing, song and laughter
Forgotten is the hurricane that so short time ago,
Hurled, twisted and swirled her
In one gigantic struggle,
The hurricane that left her stunned and dazed,
But not down hearted.
New Year's eve—the skies try to look distant and cold,
To give a proper setting for the new year,
But the stars are very bright and near,
Winking at you, laughing with you
And dancing, too, as they twinkle.
The New Year bells are ringing,
And the old year is wiped out with their ringing,
Joyous, happy, exultant ringing,
Miami, midnight, New Year bells,
A new year with new hopes, new adventures—
"Let the dead past bury its dead."

Miami, Land of Sunshine, and bewitching moonlight,
City of many nations.
A financier of New York city
Plays horse with his little son
Around a camp fire on Miami Beach—
A lovely woman from Long Island
Cuts thin slices of Virginia ham—
Distinguished men pass refreshments,
They sit on the beach and watch
The moon come up out of the water—
A Count tells of hunting big game in Africa—
The women listen and are thrilled,
While men of affairs forget the burdens of business.
A colored maid croons a lullaby,
And a little writer lady listens and wonders,
"Is there another place like Miami?"
The stars so familiar, answer,



Miami Etchings

by

Kate
Downing
Ghent



With a coquettish blinking, winking—
"No other place like Miami."
The stars know, for haven't they been looking on for centuries.

Miami and the shops—
Shops showing luxurious Oriental rugs,
Silken specimens of Persian beauty—
Prayer rugs from far away India,
History woven in gorgeous tapestries.
One enters and feels they have been transplanted
On a magic carpet to Bagdad,
Shops of antiques.
The splendor of by-gone days
Revealed in quaintly covered chairs,
Chests, cabinets and tables,
Glittering oval mirrors and sparkling candle-labra,
Hammered gold necklaces, strings of jade and amber,
Intricate, Byzantine jewelry with intriguing workmanship.

Miami and the state societies—
Canadian society,
Good fellowship, camaraderie, banquets, music, dancing—
Gray haired youth at play.
There is no old age in Miami.
The planets so near are dancing, they are young,
Through the centuries they have remained the same.
Miami and Bay Front Park,
Where the pigeons circle and dip,
Without fear eating from one's hand,
While thousands listen to the band concert—
Men and women from every state in the union,
From Canada, from lands across the seas—
Cosmopolitan, happy, laughing, carefree people,
Under a blue, blue tropical sky.
Miami on Biscayne Bay,
The moon coming up out of the water—
Water that caresses the boats
With a soothing, murmuring, mischievous sound—
Could one ever forget
The intriguing spell of Miami—
The lasting friendships made under the palms,
The stars so fair, so old and wise yet ever young,
Whisper as the soft winds float by—
"Could one ever forget Miami,
Miami on Biscayne Bay?"



The sky line of Miami from Bay Biscayne



Volume LVI

FEBRUARY, 1928

New Series No. 6

Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE event that stands out as conspicuous in the first month of the year 1928 was the pilgrimage of President Coolidge to Cuba to attend the opening of the Pan-American Conference. On the special train the President occupied the quarters usually assigned to a Pullman traveler. He was accompanied by Secretary Kellogg, Secretary Wilbur and an imposing delegation of newspaper men and dignitaries. The train made a stop at Miami, Florida and was greeted by the thousands of people in a way that indicated that the Magic City was very much on the map. At Key West the party embarked on the battleship *Texas*, escorted by the cruiser *Memphis* and a flotilla of destroyers. The reception given Calvin Coolidge was pronounced one of the most enthusiastic ever accorded a

president according to the reports of the well-seasoned and keen observing secret service men. The Chief Executive of the United States was in his happiest mood and was not only greeted with salvos, cheers and applause, in which tiny babies joined with gleeful handclapping, but the crowds shouted "Rojo! Rubio! Mucho Grande!" which translated means "blond" or "red-headed." The personal appearance of the American president, distinctive in complexion and actions, impressed the Cubans profoundly. The opening of the Congress was a most colorful, as well as dramatic affair, in which the motion picture camera and movie phones figured conspicuously. I milled among the crowds with an interpreter, while some correspondents were marooned in the seats of the mighty. Along came Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and together we eventu-



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Madame Paul Claudel, wife of the French Ambassador to the United States



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Mrs. Thomas Bayard, wife of the Senior Senator from Delaware

ally marched down through the files of soldiers presenting arms—while the crowds on the marble stairway greeted the Presidential party with showers of flowers.

The Palace nestling in a sea of brilliant illuminations was the scene of a formal state dinner, in which the



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Clem Shaver, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee

champagne glasses were lifted many times in response to the toasts, but never a taste for the guest of honor. His opening address seemed to please the people and struck a keynote for the deliberations of the Conference. The address of Charles Evans Hughes, heading the American delegation was most favorably and enthusiastically received by the various delegations. It was pronounced by Raoul Fernandez, heading the imposing Brazilian representation, as "a marvelous and vigorous definition of Pan-Americanism in which brilliant idealism is joined with a practical vision of feasible policies." This was along the line of the general expressions. They recognized that Mr. Hughes did not enunciate any new policy, but made the frank admission of facts that has marked all the dealings of the United States Government with Nicaragua and Haiti, where no action is taken without the invitation of the people of all nations concerned. It indicated that the United States will act in Nicaragua just as they did in San Domingo, and the record there speaks for itself. There were busybodies who thought it might be possible to throw a monkey-wrench into the agenda or program that had been outlined, but it was evident after talking with the various delegations that trouble makers were not welcome. They insisted that there was too much constructive business to be done without parleying with inconsequentials. The surprising thing was the attitude of the gentlemen from Mexico, one of whom stated that the United States need say nothing as to what its Pan-American policies meant than to make a survey of just what Uncle Sam had done in Cuba. When Will Rogers hailed groups of Americans on his arrival and announced his "admission to the bar"—the legal as well as the diplomatic digits began to function. For this was in Cuba.

AN event that has awakened musical Washington is Mrs. Lawrence Townsend's "Musical Mornings" at the Ballroom of the Mayflower. Mary Lewis, the world-renowned prima donna, appeared in this series of concerts with Emilio de Gorgorza, the baritone. It was the first appearance of Miss Lewis in Washington and her personality, as well as her voice and art, won many friends for the young American girl who has scaled the heights of Grand Opera from musical comedy to the Metropolitan. The Spanish baritone appearing with her gave the occasion a sort of an old-world romantic atmosphere. For some years past these morning concerts given by Mrs. Townsend have become events of national interest in the musical world. Miss Rosa Ponselle, prima donna, who is a favorite in Washington, appeared in a later concert. The series includes seven programs, featuring famous prima donnas, pianists, violinists and artists of international renown. It was one occasion where a mere editor—a most interested auditor, among many beautifully gowned ladies—forgot his embarrassment. It was music that ran the gamut of human emotions, touching the sublime in the art divine and beauty supreme.

* * *

PRESIDENTIAL nomination declarations are coming thick and fast. Senator James A. Reed has declared positively and finally as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, undismayed by the fact that the opposing political party will hold its convention in his home town. Senator Capper of Kansas has come out unreservedly for Senator Charles Curtis, who hails from the state nigh unto the Convention city. Governor Smith's biography has appeared and Senator Heflin has spoken on



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Ahmed Mouhtar Bey, newly appointed Ambassador of Turkey

the floor of the Senate indicating that he is not enthusiastic concerning the candidacy of the Governor of New York, which has been consistently continued since the stirring days at Madison Square Garden. Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas still maintains his position as Senate leader and Governor Moody of Texas looms up as a possible vice-presidential nominee. Governor Donahay of Ohio is saying nothing, but the friends of Senator

Willis are busy. In the meantime, there has not been anything that looks like a definite statement from the three most-talked-of nominees on the Republican ticket. Secretary Hoover remains in the Cabinet and says nothing. Vice-President Dawes still raps the gavel in the Senate, but is prohibited from expressing himself to the Senators which include a large number of possible candidates. Nicholas Longworth is sawing wood and rapping his gavel vigorously and speaking out very definitely now and then—as a Speaker should. In the meantime, the agricultural states seem inclined to keep on talking about Frank O. Lowden, the real dirt farmer, who has a faculty for attracting agricultural delegates. General Pershing was given a celebration in his home town of Laclede, Mo., and some have even talked of Dwight Morrow as a dark horse. Senator Norris appears to have a little opposition in holding the voters of the Farm Bloc. The political forecaster is not so much in evidence as in years past, for mere statements and fragmentary straw votes do not always indicate which way the delegate tide is turning. Everyone is looking forward to a merry time of it in the month of June, when the lines will be formed for the coming quadrennial political conflict in which men and issues are pretty well mixed. One decisive note may clarify the whole situation—if it comes from the right man at the right time.

* * *

ALTOGETHER it has been a lovely social season in Washington and calendars are filled unto the Lenten season. The French Ambassador and his charming wife, Madame Paul Claudel, have entertained



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Miss Rosa Padilla, daughter of the Spanish Ambassador and Madame Padilla

in true Parisian style and gave guests an opportunity to try their French. Ahmed Mouhtar Bey, the newly appointed Turkish Ambassador, has already evinced a real liking for American social affairs, and insists that it is time the people of this country had an understanding of his race and his country free from bias that has been fanned to flames by unfair and unjust reports of his people. When Mrs. Cordell Hull entertains, there is

something of the hospitable spirit of Andrew Jackson at "The Hermitage." She has even heard the mention of her distinguished husband as a presidential candidate—a worthy successor to the three presidents who came from the home state of David Crockett.



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Miss Sarah Major, debutante daughter of Representative and Mrs. Samuel Major of Missouri

AMONG the younger set in Washington, Miss Rosa Padilla, daughter of the Spanish Ambassador, and Miss Sarah Major, daughter of Representative Major of Missouri, have now a distinctive popularity through their charms and beauty. Among the matrons, Mrs. Thomas Bayard, wife of the senior senator from Delaware, has proven a hostess who understands how to bring strangers together in a manner that friendships flower.

* * *

ALTHOUGH his duties as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee have kept him busy with a big B, Hon. Clem Shaver finds time to help the boys and girls of the Four-H Club in his own state of West Virginia in their work. It has become a unique educational institution and has developed a remarkably sturdy and self-reliant body of coming citizens, because they are early taught how to utilize head, heart and hand in helping themselves to launch life careers in vocations that make them more or less independent in self-development from the start. Their summer school and farm camp near Weston, West Virginia in the environment where Stonewall Jackson was reared has already attracted attention as an educational training that sends youth in the right direction for a successful life.

* * *

IN the handsomely decorated Hall of Nations of Hotel Washington where scenes from every country and clime adorn the walls, the Reclamation Conference of the eleven Southern States held a notable banquet. There were speeches by Senators and Congressmen which indicated that the project has already gone far towards win-

ning Congressional favor for a generous appropriation. To reclaim some of the waste and worn-out lands of the South is a serious problem. Over 31,000,000 acres of farm lands have been abandoned in the country in the past decade and the people are leaving the farms veritably by the millions, in spite of the eloquent pleas in and out of Congress for the farmers. Each one of the Southern states were represented not only by their congressional



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Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of Representative Hull of Tennessee

delegation, but a goodly number of public leaders, who have been very much aroused as to the necessity of maintaining a healthful, contented and prosperous rural population. Civilization has always failed when concentrated in cities. When the rugged country folk can no longer be drawn upon to recruit for virile leaders able to withstand the insidious effect of luxurious living—then begins the inevitable decline.

* * *

THERE was an atmosphere of the old New England town meeting in the semi-annual gathering of the Government Business Club, held in the Auditorium. The address of President Coolidge was broadcast and General Lord, Director of the Budget, gave the figures down to the last cent and with the radio audience assembled, it seemed like millions of voters sitting by and approving or disapproving the bills as they do in the town meeting. The Marine Band was present and some of the radio fans insist that the concert given by these scarlet-attired members of the nation's prize band, was a most fitting close for a town meeting that celebrated saving money by the millions. There were no fireworks or red lemonade, but many persons present admitted that they were refreshed in the avalanche of figures hurled at them that night, indicating how Uncle Sam is saving his money, "but where are my savings, oh!"

* * *

ALREADY we can almost smell the ink "agrounding" with which the presidential ballots will be printed. Some of which will include the name of the next president of the United States. The theme of the hour in Washington is "Who will it be?" For Washington is

always concerned in a new president as he becomes a resident of their city and one of them to a large extent. The movement has been revived to give a presidential vote to the residents of the District of Columbia, which has been denied them ever since the boundary lines were defined, taking territory from the states of Maryland and Virginia. A new order of things seems imminent in the coming presidential campaign. Old methods have been cast aside as obsolete and a new type of politician is appearing. Declarations by certain eminent leaders are still counted defective, but there are some old-fashioned methods that will always prevail when it comes to securing delegates in a National Convention for a candidate. The County Chairman and the Clerk in charge of the Poll Books still remain in close touch with the sovereign voter who will continue to elect presidents through the Electoral College.

* * *

IT seemed like a page out of a romantic novel to look upon the dinner given President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State at the Mayflower at Washington. The floral decorations found a fitting background in the elaborate vines and shrubs which seemed to symbolize the green of the Emerald Isle. President Cosgrave, a rather medium-sized man, with blond, fluffy hair and blue eyes, and a scholarly stoop, presented a picture to the native sons of Erin that night that made them want to shout and hurrah. The guest of honor wore decorations resplendent on his shirt bosom and with Ambassador Esme Howard, was the only one present who wore gay ribbons of



Harris & Ewing

Noble Brandon Judah, newly appointed Ambassador to Cuba

this character. The guests included Secretary of State Kellogg and a representation from the Diplomatic Corps, not overlooking Minister Smiddy of the Irish Free State. Speaker Longworth, Secretary James J. Davis and a goodly number of Senators, completed the official cycle. Every branch of co-ordinated government in Washington was on hand to do honor to President Cosgrave, who enjoyed two interesting visits with Calvin Coolidge and talked to him in the purest English "as she is spoke"—which is in Dublin, the capital of the Irish Free State.

THE sky-scraper Press Club Building in Washington is one of the real triumphs of the Fourth Estate. The new clubrooms were opened to the public with imposing ceremonies with the President of the United States and other dignitaries present. It made the average newspaper man feel like "some punkins" to look upon the luxurious splendor and magnificent building and then think of Schoonmaker's bar on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the craft was wont to gather and talk over the news in the good old days. Think of it! These days they are attired in celluloid fronts and the movie picture conception of a reporter in a derby hat and flowing necktie, with a wad of yellow paper and pencil has passed. Much of the credit of this achievement of the profession is given to John Hays Hammond and others who carried through the project of having suitable headquarters for the Press in a building located on the sight of the old Ebbitt House where William McKinley, later President, made his home for many years and drafted much of the historic McKinley Protective Tariff bill, which still remains largely the basis of Uncle Sam's tariff schedules.

* * *

PROCEEDINGS at the Sinclair trial indicate that the Teapot Dome hearing is still sizzling. Congress even enacted a law in order to compel and enable certain witnesses to testify. The pyramided figures of wartimes appear now and then in the testimony indicating a time when every man, woman and child in America seemed to be making money, but the pathos of it all is, how quickly it was all dissipated in the whirling Jugger-naut of speculation.

* * *

THERE were busy days for Noble Brandon Judah, recently appointed Ambassador to Cuba, during the visit of President Coolidge to Havana and the opening of the Pan-American Congress. The streets of Havana, and especially those around the Embassy which is situated in an historic square in the oldest part of Havana resembled a traffic jam on State Street "with the bridge up." He was equal to the emergency of providing the wayfaring newspaper men with cards of identification and incidentally the name of the Solomon Levi in Havana who could lease high hats, frock coats, striped trousers and spats on short notice and furnish a diplomatic uniform required by the punctilious Cubans on state occasions. The photographs of some of the distinguished newspaper correspondents duly and truly prepared (if transferred to the movies), might imperil the hard-earned reputation of Charlie Chaplin to look pleasant and appear dignified in all sorts, sizes and conditions of trousers and hats that did not pretend to fit.

Mr. Judah was educated in the Chicago public schools and was graduated from Northwestern University. During the World War he made a remarkable record as Assistant Chief of Staff of the Rainbow Division and later of the First Army Corps, receiving the Distinguished Service Medal from his own country and the Legion of Honor and Croix De Guerre with palm from France for his military services. His Overseas Service Medal bears five bars to mark the five campaigns of the 42nd Division, as follows:

Luneville and Baccarat Sectors, Champagne Offensive, Second Battle of the Marne, St. Mihiel Offensive, and Meuse-Argonne Offensive. He still remains a Colonel in the Reserve commanding the 332nd Field Artillery Regiment. When appointed Ambassador to Cuba he was a member of the law firm of Judah, Willard, Wolf and Reichmann, one of the oldest legal firms in Chicago, with a docket reaching back to 1854. His grandfather, Samuel Judah, graduated at Rutgers College in 1818 and moved to Vincennes, Indiana in 1819 and became one of the prominent figures in the civic and legal life of the Hoosier State.

In 1917 Col. Judah married Miss Dorothy Patterson, daughter of John H. Patterson, for many years president of the National Cash Register Co. Mrs. Judah also has a remarkable war record, having received the Legion of Honor from the French Government for her work in its behalf in the United States during the World War.

As a student of Spanish language and literature for twenty years and having transacted business in many of



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Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan Opera Company

the Latin-American countries which he has visited during this period, he brings to his work an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the Latin-American people inspired by first hand information and personal contact. He and his wife have done much towards creating the favorable impressions of the United States that have followed the opening of the Pan-American Congress.

* * *

THERE was a cheering significance in the statement of Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on his sixty-seventh birthday, that he was in reality only fifty years of age and refused to add any years after the half century mark, because there was so much to do. It was not safe even for Lot's wife to look back and count on the past when there was so much to see in looking forward towards accomplishment. Youth is nothing more than the impulse to look ahead and mere years do not count in a busy life.

Editors Surveying the Future of Miami

One hundred hard-boiled hand-picked Managing Editors visit Miami to make an investigation of what is back of the future of the Magic City—Cynics are conquered in the sunny tropic land of South Florida

LOOKING out from the eyrie heights of a window in the Hotel Watson, I glimpsed the fourth dimension of Magic Miami. It seemed appropriate to consider this metropolis of favored South Florida from an altitude as well as latitude and longitude. Long ago Miami established a reputation as the fastest growing city in the world and now we were to see that length and breadth, height and depth of resources.

The hard boiled managing editors, who had foregathered from all parts of the country to greet Miami in the reaction of a Floridian boom, expected to look upon scenes reflecting discouragement and abandoned hopes.

Not so in Miami! The first impression gathered in the chill of the coldest day ever known in South Florida was quite sufficient to establish an "atmosphere" for the gay stories that were wired back announcing "arrived safely in Uncle Sam's sunny room." Meanwhile the Miamians were apologizing for the coquettish actions of the flint-hearted "Lady of the Winds," while the M. E.'s (now spelled with caps), were charmed with the balmy zephyrs in contrast to the shivering breezes of the North. Guilelessly they thought the weather queen had performed true to form to avoid the dangers of a too sudden change of temperature which might have pneumoniatically imperiled editorial lungs. They concluded that the heat had been turned off to make the transition from the frozen Arctic to Equatorial Tropic more endurable to the "M.E's" (now initialed) who were being entertained so generously that they dreamed of the halcyon days of railroad passes.

Around the fireplaces, crackling logs, with snapping radiators, the favored Editors heard the refrain echoing from California: "This is very unusual, quite exceptional, never known in the history of man," betimes the editorial glare accustomed to "typed" copy mellowed in the midst of Miami's hospitality. Representing the concentrated composite of the nation as reflected in the customs of nearly every State in the Union, everybody seems to find somebody from the home State in Miami. That night the Editorial "forms were closed" with several blankets while the editorial snore indicated sweet slumber and care-free minds.

* * *

The opening scene of this Pilgrimage of Newspaper Men was unfolded to me as I looked from the cozy nook in the watch tower upon the unparalleled Bay Front Park of Miami created and beautified by the hand of man. Beneath was a myriad of lights outlining the area where people gath-

er, just as in the old days of Royal Palm Park, to sit in the sun, look at the flowers, hear the birds sing and enjoy the warm Winter days and bewitching moonlight nights which are ever associated with the beauty of Miami. The four-track street indicated what must come in older cities to solve traffic congestion. The word "stop" gleamed in the moonlight at every intersection of the streets, rimmed with red, surrounding the island parks which dotted the

chise of the stars overhead. From the skyscraper heights the motors below seemed like little bugs, threading their way hither and thither; a procession on the marineways that suggested the congestion of old days before the new Venetian causeway was completed. High up on the beach was the sturdy hulk of the five-masted schooner "Rose Mahoney," the only relic in sight of the hurricane—already a landmark. Editorial minds have suggested that the green hull



Major E. G. Sewell of Miami, greeting the Queen of the Palm Fete, portrayed by Miss Elizabeth McKenney, daughter of a prominent Miamian and a member of the Junior League. The queen is surrounded by her court

wide boulevard. Miami has more towers than any other city of its size in the world and from this height I looked to the South and saw the replica of the Giralda of Old Seville gleaming in the center of a cluster of lights at Coral Gables. Even at night the turquoise sheen was discernible. Across to the East was the sky line of Miami Beach linked with a chain of lights of the causeway. One of these represented the site of the old Collins wooden bridge which connected Miami with the Beach. The word "causeway" is given as one of the "causes" "why Miami Beach?" Doc Dammers, who sold the first lot, has always insisted it is a Latin word which implied a pathway to constructive American achievement.

Moving to and fro on the quadrupled boulevard was a ceaseless caravan of motor cars gliding along in military precision with their brilliant lights adding to the illumination which seemed to challenge the fran-

chise of the stars overhead. From the skyscraper heights the motors below seemed like little bugs, threading their way hither and thither; a procession on the marineways that suggested the congestion of old days before the new Venetian causeway was completed. High up on the beach was the sturdy hulk of the five-masted schooner "Rose Mahoney," the only relic in sight of the hurricane—already a landmark. Editorial minds have suggested that the green hull

of the Rose Mahoney be set in cement, like the old whaling ship of New Bedford and preserved as a memento like the old Constitution, whose tattered ensign has become a treasured historic relic. With its hull vine covered, nestling among the splendid palms and her mast gaily adorned like towering palms, what more significant reminder of the triumphs of the Port of Miami. Under the very shadow of the hotels, ocean liners, vessels of the Clyde Line, land their hundreds of passengers direct from the Pier in New York. From the matchless skyline of the Metropolis of the Nation to the skyline of Miami indicates the transplanted New York of the South. Sweeping in from the Gulf Stream, extending eighty miles to the North, within three miles of shore, the voyager views the towering skyscrapers and teeming activity of New York in June time in Miami, the busy little American sister port on the far flung southern coast line of

the Atlantic. To the North I saw the lights of Hollywood and the shore line that may some day mark the boundaries of a great Metropolis reaching out with an ambitious area that may equal the territory now included in Los Angeles, for it is here that the tropic winds ever blow, Winter and Summer, which has made Miami and its environment a place of permanent abode.

"And the next day"—as they say in the movies—flashing an event for the "News Reel."

It was a football match between the plucky little "canary birds" in yellow uniform, constituting the "Hurricanes" of the University of Miami, and the sturdy big-boned veterans from Furman. The picture of a thousand students of the Miami University, in existence a little over a year, cheering lustily with the spirit of Harvard and Yale, was impressive. It indicated the speed with which things grow and develop in Miami. They sang their songs and encouraged with lusty cheers the plucky little team that was holding its own. All this revealed a something about the character of

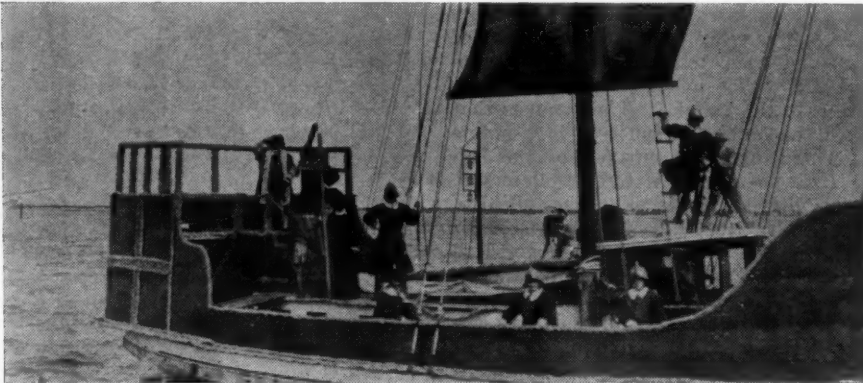
spondents to check the impulse of people in the North to come South in the winter time and find the cheery rooms in Uncle Sam's house. In every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States there is some one who has either made or lost money in Florida investments. Some of those who have lost are not sportsmen and willing to accept the turn of fortune's wheel, and applaud every slam at Florida with delight.

Duly badged and registered at the famous Royal Palm Hotel, the Editorial cohorts began their campaign of free feeds or feasting freely, as one might more delicately remark, extending from dainty buffets to gorgeous banquets. Printed programs were discarded. Miami is not ruled by precedent and they decided to adjust the program according to fickle whims of Old Probability. Guests were not taken out for the moonlight ride on Biscayne Boulevard on that night, even if the stars did shine. There was no "moon dance," but gathered around the fireplace, visitors and hosts began telling each other their life stories and revealing their real dispositions.



Sara Jane Heliker, Miss West Palm Beach; Miss Miami in 1925

glance to right or left, "What is back of Miami?" Large fields of tomatoes planted in March, reaped and sold to the North for twelve million dollars annually, are another part of the story. Farm houses dotting the prairie land recalled scenes of the rolling prairies in the Mid-West within the memory of grandfathers en tour. Flower-embowered areas flashed the happy message of the State named for Flowers. Acres and acres of banana groves waving their branches in defiance of the chilly breezes produced the small but luscious fruit known as the Florida banana. To the north in Okeechobee land, thousands of acres of sugar cane are growing. It is predicted that within ten years Uncle Sam will be able to produce all the sugar needed for the first time in the history of the Republic. Forty tons to the acre has already been produced in Florida against the twenty-six tons in Cuba, the largest sugar pro-



The "Santa Maria" again carries Columbus to the land of sunshine. This was the pageantry depicting the landing of Columbus during the Palm Fete in Miami. The old ship was greeted by the Seminole Indians of the Everglades

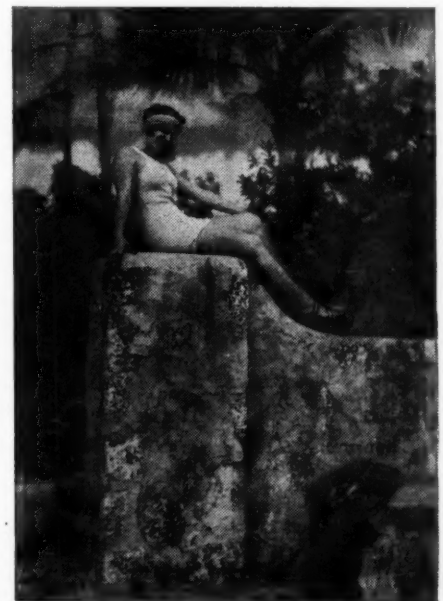
the population which no flaming real estate literature could ever portray. It was an evanescent instant that left an impression enduring, disclosing that real but subtle something that conquers obstacles and bucks the line. The keynote of every article written by the Editors that day was "Youth," undaunted, enthusiastic, energy developed by necessity rather than the lure of luxury. The tingling weather was perfect for football, overcoats and sweaters were welcome and the supply brought by the visitors was generously shared with resident hosts.

Counted a detriment by some Miamians, this fickle weather brought out a new advantageous phase of Miami climate. Spiced with just enough of the seasonable aspects to stimulate the energy and activity which comes with a cold chilly wind now and then, it makes the warmth appreciated in the contemplation of a place to live where the supreme advantages of all climate may be enjoyed. Even while sitting there the wires were clicking with stories of "snowstorms in Miami," which gave the Managing Editors an idea of the romantic imagination and sometimes diabolical deliberate purpose of some of their romantic corre-

"And the second day"—

Mary Pickford had it this way in her first pictures—the motorcade mustered in under the "Traveling palm" and visited the Deering Estate. A group picture was taken on the Arthur Curtis James lawn, with a row of royal palms in the background. Overcoats and coats were parked while amid whistling winds and chattering teeth a photograph was made in which was caught a hundred sunny smiles.

Not far away was the home of the late William Jennings Bryan, listed among the early pioneers of Miami. On the Deering estate are statues brought from overseas and here one catches fascinating glimpses of the jungles. The home with its yacht landing and basin and surroundings is the nearest suggestion to an European castle that can be found in the United States. The border walls, draped with beautiful bougainvillea has been one of the real sights of Miami. Dashing on through Cocoanut Grove with its quaint old church and beautiful homes, on to Tahiti Beach, over the Coral Gables canals, the motorcade reached the far-famed Redlands district. Here the answer was given in a single



Edna Kneibler, "Miss Labor Day," Secretary to Mayor Sewell of Miami

ducing country in the world. On every hand evidence accumulated of "what is back of the Florida of the future."

At Homestead the visitors were given a welcome in a Country Club built of logs.



Miami at Sunset

The sturdy spirit of the pioneer predominated. Products of the farms, flowers from gardens and even chickens and poultry from their farms had been gathered. The genuine welcome was expressed eloquently by Mrs. Fuller, who came here from Iowa and located on a farm where she found not only a profitable vocation, but restored health. She told of how she left her farm for months and not a thing was touched or molested, for there was here the neighborly pioneer spirit. While she was most earnestly and convincingly telling a story that enthralled the rock boiled Editors who were enjoying egg salad, a hen in a coop joined her with a lusty cackle, and why not—she had laid an egg! The lone, lorn rooster joined in sounding the triumphs of the Redlands! It is not polite to discuss food when you are a guest, but Editorial appetites attacked that food in a way that indicated a most wholesome endorsement of the products of the Redlands.

On through grape fruit, avocado and orange groves, the procession moved to the fairyland spot where Colonel Johnson, formerly of old Kentucky, now has his Florida home. Attired in a helmet indicative of working in tropic suns, the Colonel told the Editors of more kinds of trees than they had ever thought existed. Over four thou-

ousand blended flavor of strawberries, banana, pineapple and then some. The fruit resembles an ear of corn and is grown under mammoth leaves with air holes perforated by nature. Here, too, were trees, fruits and

shrubs from the tropics in all parts of the world. Included among them was the Nux Vomica, the fruit of which is delicious, but the seeds are deadly poison. There was enough "copy" in that talk on the veranda by the host to provide features for a Sunday newspaper throughout a year. Not far away was located Dr. Peterson's "Bonita Grove," as trim and neat as the deck of a ship and here, too, was found between four and five thousand trees and shrubs indigenous to the Tropics. The papayas that reached the height of ten feet in a single year, producing large clusters of the luscious fruit, were shown by Dr. Peterson. Trees were called by name and he talked to them like favorite children. Papayas salad was served and the ladies then and there determined that would be the outstanding feature of that tea they were going to serve the bridge party or missionary society on their return. The editors consumed plate after plate and called for "more copy." The palate of Lucullus, the Roman epicure, could not have found more pleasure for his sensitive taste than the Papaya salad served that day as freely as tomatoes.

Following the medus of the motion picture, we must now record that "the sun was sinking in the West," silhouetted among the pines. It seemed to have gathered in all the

creation of Mr. Glen Curtis. The style of architecture suggests Bagdad at its best and the Arabian Nights tales. The very soil resembles that of the ancient Valley of the Euphrates and Tigrus where the glory of the "hanging gardens of Babylon" with its wealth of tropical vegetation and luxuriance prevailed.

At the Olympia Theatre the Editors looked aloft and saw the passing clouds and wondered whether it was really indoors or outdoors. The event of that night was the appearance of a symphony orchestra made up of University students and others. There were Editors present who were musical critics and knew every note of the symphony. They also knew there were only four or five cities in America that had ever had orchestras playing this matchless music. It was an impressive index of the character of the musical conservatory of the Miami University. Mr. Volpe, Director of this orchestra, and Miss Bertha Foster, the Regent Director of the Conservatory, have already helped



"Miss Miami," Marcie Hands—at Venetian Pool, Coral Gables

to give the year-old University a high standing in the art divine. With the witching refrain and rich harmony of this music ringing in their ears, the scribes found sweet slumber on another night in Miami.

* * *

"And on the third day"—David Wark Griffith was wont to describe it that way when he made some of his master pictures in Miami and Fort Lauderdale—the landing of Columbus was postponed, for what does the shifting of historic dates matter in the gay life of Miami? They might just as well make it 2941 as 1492 for Columbus to have discovered America. The schedule for a trip to Coral Gables was moved ahead and the sun smiled that day while editorial eyes opened in wonderment as they gazed upon the beautiful homes and business streets of the young City Beautiful. Riding through the Ponce de Leon gate with its suggestion of an ancient Spanish village, they seemed to be transported to the dreams of "Castles in Spain." Here were over four thousand



Thousands watch for the arrival of Christopher Columbus. A part of the pageantry of the Palm Fete. The crowds lined the shores of Biscayne Bay at which Miami greeted Columbus in his ship, a replica of the original "Santa Maria"

sand varieties were growing upon these five acres of the red rich soil. He pointed out the *Monstera Delicioso*, from the African Island of Madagascar, which produces a new kind of fruit that combines the lus-

genial warmth of the Gulf, where the great stream originates, radiating the glorious end of a perfect day. In the distance were the minarets and mosque-like colorful towers of Opa Locka, built in the Everglades, a

homes, every one different, with awnings, shrubbery and lawn, contributing an architectural and landscape ensemble, not surpassed in any area of its size in the world.



Monna Sue Craig, "Queen of Sheba"
Daytona Beach, Fla.

After two trips through Spain, I have been convinced that Florida has out-Spained Spain—there are more beautiful homes clustered together in Coral Gables than in all that which we call the Gloria Espagna. Praesos, plazas, fountains, trees, boulevards—more beauty spots in this one glorified landscape picture than in all of New York, Boston and Chicago combined. Here it has been demonstrated that beauty pays and that it is possible to have homes that glow with restful and inspiring splendor without much

understands harmony and color in the setting of homes, no matter how humble they may be. This is the lesson that Florida has taught our America. Reflections of a Florida visit are seen in millions of homes where fireplaces, verandas and balconies give a distinctive touch to a domicile revealing the real character of the home-makers within.

There were "oh's" and "ah's" of surprise when they passed within the portals of the Miami-Biltmore, the gem of all the Biltmore chain. The swimming pool and the towers have the Spanish touch. The luncheon itself seemed like a bit of real New York. Music, the waiters, the furnishings, all suggested metropolitan luxury and comfort. At the Venetian pool, the visitors found something in the grotto structure that gave them the feel of massiveness, age, and height. A glimpse of the old worm eaten cypress logs, the grill and grottos and tile, the deep blue

a transplanted social structure where freedom is given to an expression of love for the beautiful—that which we talk about and dream about in other communities but never seem to wholly achieve.

A high spot of the eventful week was reached at the banquet. A floodtide of oratory was loosed covering a wide variety of subjects. Judge Burwell, of the Chamber of Commerce, presided—a most felicitous host. Major E. G. Sewell told his story of Miami that was from first-hand knowledge—for he arrived in Miami when Miami arrived—and has been talking, dreaming, and even shouting Miami so much that he continues it instinctively with every gesture or look. When he arose from his chair he seemed to spell Miami and when he sat down he still spelled Miami. He was regarded as the one man who had never lost his faith in cement-hearted Editors to



W. S. Brock and E. F. Schlee, who attempted the Round the World flight in 1927,
with Monna Sue Craig at Daytona Beach



"Miss Labor Day," Edna Kneibler, Secretary
to Mayor Sewell, Miami

of the water in a setting of tropical growth, indicated what could be made out of an unsightly gravel pit, from which the material had been taken to build the roads and homes that have made Coral Gables famous.

A peep at the Women's Club in session, showed beautifully gowned and seriously purposed members, reflecting the social and literary life of the people.

The Community Memorial Church was a real monument which George E. Merrick, the founder of Coral Gables, erected to the memory of his father, the preacher. Located on the old homestead, Coral Gables had been built, foreshadowing the dreams of the young boy working in the fields and selling vegetables to the hotels, for he knew of the tropic winds that swept the fields on hot summer days as well as the balmy zephyrs of winter time. From the very start not one jot or tittle has he used to compromise the dream which is being fulfilled year by year despite handicaps which has only deferred progress. Coral Gables evidences a permanence in Florida,

tell the truth about Miami. There was a speech from a real dirt farmer, visiting editors, including Congressman Dempsey of Buffalo, Chairman Rivers and Harbors bill, who told them of "Why the Port of Miami." General Taylor of the Army revealed why the Army Engineers had recognized that Miami had constitutional rights for deep water, as well as the large ports of the Atlantic Coast. Morton M. Milford, Editor of the *Miami News*, responded for the craft in real editorial style, and Col. Frank B. Shutts, of the *Herald*, had the future of Miami all figured out on the back of his menu card, and, according to the ratio growth in one year, one hundred years hence would see Miami with a billion population, with other calculations in proportion. An extra edition of a special newspaper was distributed, heralding the extraordinary fact that Col. Frank B. Shutts and Gov. J. M. Cox, the newspaper magnates of Miami, had declared for an eternal armistice which surpassed all the dreams of the League of Nations and elicited a chorus

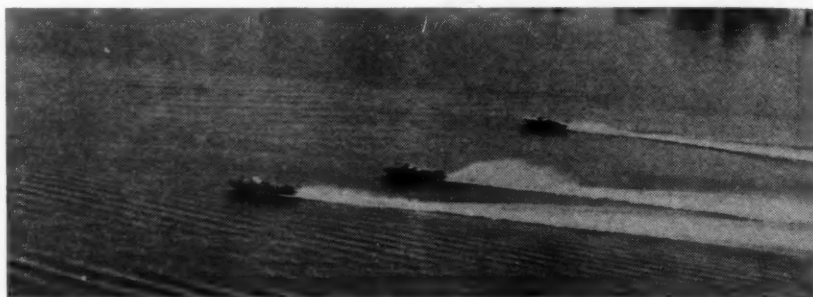
additional expense, if the "harum-scarum" construction of three deckers and maroon flats and cell-like mausoleums are eliminated under the restrictions of an artist who

from cooing doves. Former Congressman J. Hampton Moore, erstwhile Mayor of Philadelphia, and President of the Atlantic Waterways, paid a tribute to Miami as the objective port of inland waterways and insisted that all the appropriations made and asked for, past, present and future, were justified. Transportation will soon develop the great back country of Southern Florida, he said, calling attention to the fact that beans were now shipped by water at fifteen cents a hamper to New York, while the railroad rate still remained seventy-four cents. Herbert Mase presented the champion fish story, maintaining his reputation as President of the Anglers Club, proving without peradventure that the fish weighed 20,000 pounds. Having been taken from the waters adjacent to Miami, it necessitated further appropriations to care for the receding waters. William Allen White, distinguished author and editor, responded in a terse comment, and devoted his time to answering the query "What's the matter with Florida?" Years ago he responded effectively to the national question "What's the matter with Kansas?" and she's been all right ever since.

Hon. Victor Murdock, another former member of the Congressional Union present, indulged in flights of eloquence and bewitching word pictures that made the ladies present feel that they could never grow old in Florida. Some cynical H. B. M. E. declared "They may not grow any older but they do grow riper." Victor had the little

in Miami, thus bringing Miami within commuting distance of the country's metropolis. Music by the Highland Band, with bagpipes shrieking as the Highland Fling was danced, closed an evening of song, story and

ocean voyages had heretofore been confined to the limits of a ferry boat cruise. For one I was ready for the deep sea trip, but just as the boat was ready to pull out, a message was received from Commodore



Airplane View of Sea Sleds at West Palm Beach

speech which enabled the editorial diary to record that night "a good time was had by all."

In the meantime, Mr. J. P. Yoder was sending messages to each editor announcing the program from hour to hour, which proved most acceptable "copy." Mr. Yoder, himself a newspaper man, knows the "species" and he proved a most efficient generalissimo, an exhaustless source of popular information. Many a managing editor was assisted in acquainting himself with the routine of filing good stuff which some of them had previously thrown in the waste basket as a habit, but why bring this up—

Mase that a speaker was needed at an inter-city meeting of the Lion's Club. They wanted one who knew how to roar. I gave away my lunch, before I met the hazard of losing it at sea—and dared to be a Daniel. It was a lively meeting and it is not to be wondered that the lions in Africa are becoming tamed.

* * *

This was also the real Ladies' Day, beginning with a musical breakfast, taking nourishment in the shape of tea and dainty lunches every two hours. Having become a stray sheep, I found myself lured to the Miami Women's Club and there enjoyed the distinction of being about the only mere man present. I felt as conspicuous as a red flannel petticoat on a white washed fence—for there was to be a "style show,"—and we have "style all the while" according to the old song. On a platform about the level of my far-seeing eyes, beautiful models walked to and fro clad and nearly clad in every garment known to feminine attire. One complete outfit weighed twelve ounces, including shoes. To the strains of Parisian music the young ladies walked to and fro gracefully revealing every vantage and beauty point of the garment they were wearing. All the colors of the rainbow in prismatic harmony were flashed before admiring eyes. The "ensemble" garments seemed to be in high favor. A young lady appeared in street dress and while in motion removed one garment—then she was ready for an afternoon tea—another graceful motion and she appeared in full evening dress with proper spacing fore and aft. Another little twist and a complete single bathing suit wound up the ensemble—I'll not go further. The tiny boys and girls of all ages appeared in suitable attire which indicated something of the scope of the responsibility that rests upon womankind in keeping at least a portion of the human race in becoming raiment. The only limitation apparent was men's neckties and socks. During the style show an address was given on the "Private Life of Helen of Troy." Here was where I closed my ears, because I thought I was getting too far into the mysteries and intimacies of femininity. Now I understand why Miami and Palm Beach are the petit Paris of America. Many women from the North purchase their advance summer clothing here under the real test of Sum-

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Spirit of Miami in September—"Come on you Hurricane"

elfin fairies pointing out Miami as the spot that suggested the Eden of youth—a fitting and inspiring climax for an evening where the flow of soul and feast of reason reigned supreme. The aggregation of "we's"—as Lindbergh puts it—had the thrill of their flinty lives when Ruth Nichols, attired in aviator togs, arrived with Capt. Rogers in time for dinner and announced that she had left New York that morning at 8.30 o'clock, bringing with her evening newspapers printed at 7 o'clock. This fulfilled the prediction that New Yorkers could leave in their airplanes and dine

it's now all past. They will not soon forget the date they had with Miami.

* * *

"And the fourth day"—

This reads like the continuity of one of Adolph Menjou's plays, where the picture idol has a few adventures in and out of the matrimonial labyrinth. The comedy was modestly announced as "Deep Sea Fishing," with designs upon the gay Gulf Stream declared as a happy fishing ground. There were not many recruits for this 7 a. m. trip, for most of the safe and sane M. E.'s declared for the sea bottom boat, as their

Passing of the Builder of the Panama Canal

General George W. Goethals separated continents and brought about the triumphs of the wedding of the seas in building the Panama Canal—The stirring and eventful career of the little Dutch Boy of Brooklyn whose remains lie buried at his beloved West Point among his early boyhood heroes

IT was natural that the late Gen. George W. Goethals should have requested burial at West Point rather than at Arlington. He was the little lad of German parents sent to West Point by Congressman "Sunset" Cox of Brooklyn. Ten or twelve other competitors had failed, but little George Goethals insisted "I can do it" in a positive manner when he appeared before the good-natured Congressman from the city of churches. Born in 1858, he had an ambition early in life to become a real soldier as well as to play soldier on the vacant lot. When he appeared before the congressman in all his dignity and after successfully passing the preliminary examination, he was asked whether he thought he could make the second grade. "I can do it. I can do it," were the decisive words.

This same spirit carried him through his successful army career. Long service in the engineers corps, and instructing in civil and military engineering at the United States Military Academy, gave him the experience which fitted him for digging the canal and conquering Culebra Cut.

Originally in charge of Muscle Shoals Canal construction on the Tennessee River, about which clusters so much comment these days, he had much to do with the development of inland waterways. His experience in this work caused President Roosevelt to send for him after the decision was made to put the Panama Canal work in charge of an army officer. I was waiting outside the executive office with some newspaper men when I saw him enter the President's room. One question and one answer and it was all over.

"Colonel, what about completing the Panama Canal?"

"I can do it," replied the Colonel, with a snap of his jaws.

He did it and received the thanks of Congress in 1915 for distinguished service "in constructing the Panama Canal." Awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in 1918 for especially meritorious and conspicuous service in reorganizing the Quartermasters Department—his career covers years of constructive work for his country.

Although a Commander of the Legion of Honor of France and with medals from the National Geographic Society and from many other famous organizations, General Goethals' army record as a builder is a basis for enduring fame.

His hair and mustache grew whiter in those stormy days at Panama, but he continued the same decisive way of talking. When his jaw was set, you knew that

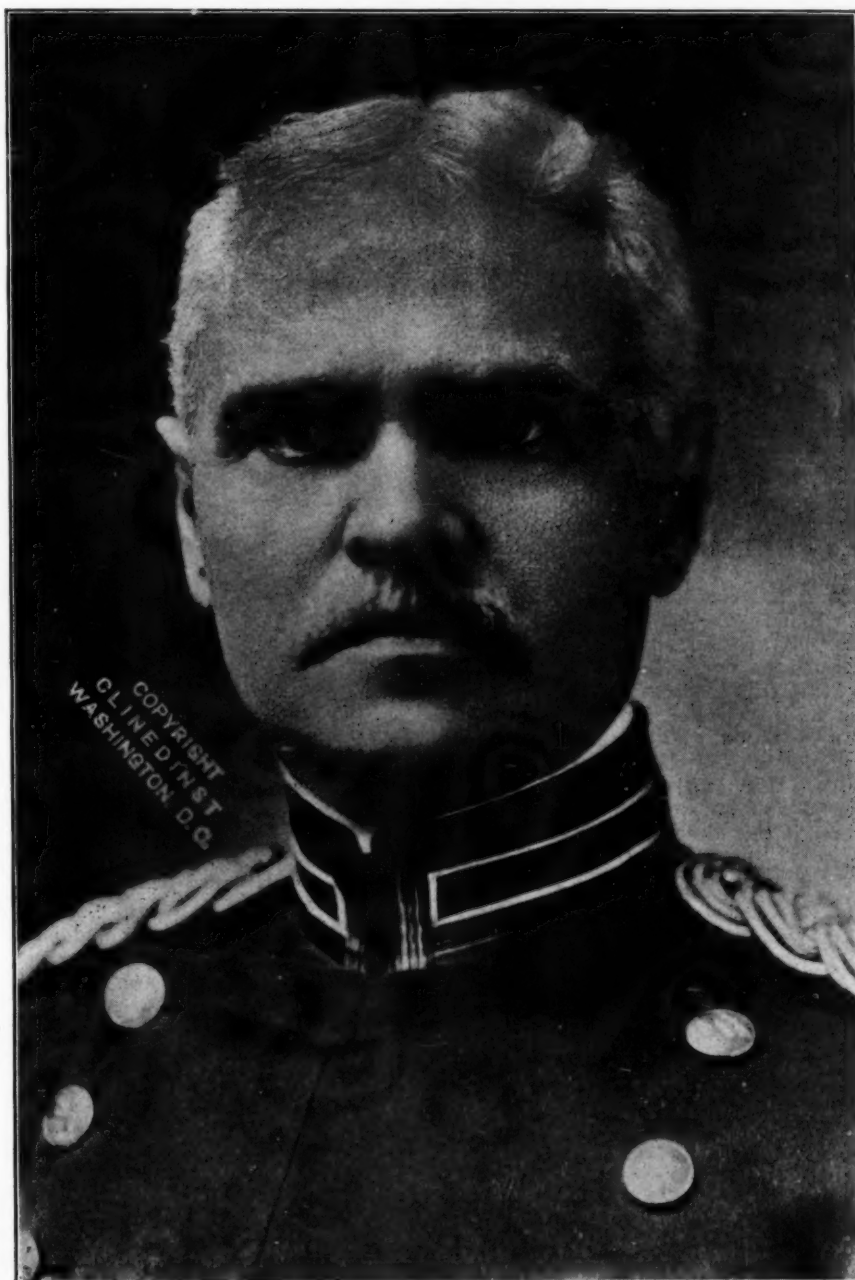
something or someone was going to "get up in the morning."

"The world needs a bugle call to get up in the morning and get to work," tersely commented Gen. George W. Goethals, the man who built the Panama Canal by keeping things moving.

"It is as important to know how to use leisure hours as it is to work. We struggle and sacrifice for vacations and wear out again enjoying ourselves."

Prematurely gray and bronzed by the outdoor life of a soldier, General Goethals, then a Colonel, took command at the Pan-

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The Late George W. Goethals

Lyrical Landscapes with a Tang o' the Sea

Henry S. Eddy, an artist who understands the subtle mists of seascape and catches the atmosphere of forest and field in the dancing lights and shadows of all seasons of the year

TO know an artist in person and to know some of his haunts and personal characteristics and to hear appreciations confirming your own conviction is a real privilege. Long before I met Henry S. Eddy I had felt the charm of his



A Nantucket By-Way

Nantucket paintings. There was an atmosphere, a feeling, a something that made me see a new Nantucket, although I had visited the historic and picturesque island many times before.

For many years his exhibitions have attracted widespread attention. His New York show opens in the Babcock Gallery February 27, continuing on to March 10, while Doll and Richards in Boston always seem to have an Eddy painting on hand for interested patrons. The painting "Gardiner's Court" has been one of his popular pictures in Boston for some time. In this year's collection we find thirteen of his latest pictures that have the real tang of the sea. Most of them are New England subjects, and no wonder his genius has flowered in this direction. His grandfather

on his father's side was a whaler captain, and his forebears on his mother's side were also noted seafaring people. Henry S. Eddy was born in Rahway, New Jersey. His first painting was a landscape, and his "thumb box" sketches gradually evolved into more pretentious canvases. He spent five summers abroad and eight summers in Provincetown, before he discovered his own beloved Nantucket. During his tours abroad he visited homes and families in Holland, Norway, Denmark, France and Italy, but even in this portrayal of rugged and rural life his bent was toward the sea and New England life.



Henry S. Eddy

During early spring and late fall, the New Jersey landscapes around his home are favorite themes for his busy brush. Many of his paintings have been used as cover pages in *Literary Digest* and *Country Life* and his pictures have found a popular place in libraries and museums. Close study and admiration for the master Corot is evidenced now and then in the all-pervading quietude and distinctive atmosphere reflected in his work. While not an ultra-modern art-

ist, he seems ever progressive and to have the balance of the golden mean. His paintings have a lyrical quiet and a soothing effect and tell the story without bombast. As one well-known art critic has written:



Main Street, Nantucket

"Mr. Eddy has achieved the happy medium between the conservative and the impressionistic in art. Detail is not sharply defined, neither are his canvases splashed all over with large blotches of pure pigment.

"Harmony in color, unity in form combined with light and shade, and a fine ability to breathe atmosphere upon a cold gray canvas, unite in making every picture in the display worthy of careful study.

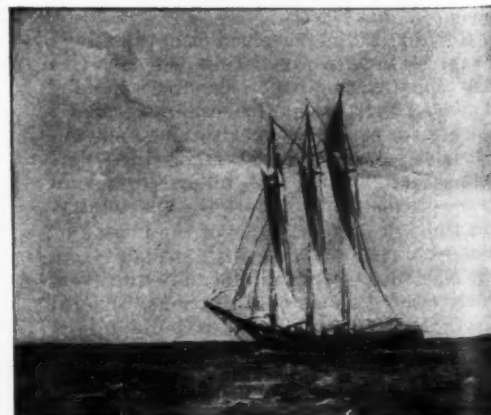
"Invariably his theme is the out of doors and he is a colorist in the sense that he sees the subtle harmonies in nature, and uses them to make his painting vibrate."

Many of Henry S. Eddy's forebears followed out careers. His grandfather, a contemporary of Winslow Homer, illustrated for *Harper's* and *Vanity Fair*. An uncle G. F. Stephens is a sculptor, another

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Gloucester



On a Long Reach

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

THERE are concerts that seem to radiate more real dramatic feeling than some operas. When I heard the young Armenian contralto Mme. Rose Zulalian make her debut in New York I could fancy that I was hearing triumphal heralds sounding victory over a tragic past as one of the earliest races of Christians, sung with the fervor of victorious conquest. Rose Zulalian is of the Armenian race and as a small child she evinced great talent for music and singing. Her early childhood days were spent close to the family scenes in the Levant where her father was employed as an architect by the Turkish government. In the zenith of his success he

quickly captivated the audience with her unaffected simplicity. As the *New York World* said, "She sang with a sense of song and an intangible filament of genius which so few concert singers can hold."

As a pupil of the eminent Hubbard, who taught Charles Hackett and Roland Hayes, she had a training regarding which the *New York Sun* said: "Something has given her more than ordinary gifts of interpretation."

Mme. Olga Averino,
the Russian prima
donna who escaped
from the ravages
of the Revolution



Mme. Rose Zulalian,
the young Armenian
contralto who made her
debut recently in
New York



found the opposition that usually follows a full flower of genius which made his escape to America amid great hardships an adventure that lies close to the heart of Rose Zulalian. As a girl her rich contralto voice attracted attention, when she first began the study of music in earnest. The deep sonorous velvety tones somehow reflected the background of repression to which her race was subjected for centuries by the tyrannic Turk. But like the pure lotus blossom, it bloomed radiant and supreme in the muck and weeds of oppression, reflecting a virility that could not be destroyed.

Critics in New York noted that she

From the very beginning of this opening concert in New York a simply attired figure on that great stage all alone held the audience with as fixed attention as if they were witnessing a three-act opera, with acres of scenic background. Her rendition of the late Griffith's plaintive melodies were such as no singer I have ever heard before, and vividly recalled the sad life and tragic end of this gifted composer. The Schubert songs glowed warm and real in her full tones and delicate shading. There was something that suggested all the perfume of song, a weird minor now and then, enchanting and irresistible, recalling racial folk-songs which were almost whispered by mothers as they crooned to babes.

When her compatriots called for the folk songs, that was the touch that seemed to make us all kin. Although we all could not understand the words, she brought many a smile and tear to the wrinkled and even young faces in that audience that had memories of the Fatherland. Everyone knew that Rose Zulalian was heralding a heart message. There was also the touch of humor glimpsing courting days, which indicated that Love's own magic ways are about the same the world over and in all time past. Love has been called the "first-born of creation" and in this concert program were the lights and shadows that come with all sorts and conditions of romance, associated with the affections of human kind, fraternal, patriarchal, filial and maternal, to say nothing of Youth's "light fancy turned to thoughts of love."

Her reception in Philadelphia was enthusiastic and appreciative. Here again the critics discerned those traits of racial kinship so strongly marked, that they felt that Flora Zabell (Mangasarian), the popular comic opera star, was here reincarnated with new vocal equipment, fitted for the higher realms of music. And how she does sing that Star-spangled Banner before a great many assemblies. With all these flattering encomiums Rose Zulalian continues the earnest and sincere student of her art. Like Madame Schumann-Heink and Madame Homer, her family of three charming children and a husband ardent in his devotion, the inspiration of her artistic career, Rose Zulalian has that solid self-reliance which fore-shadows a still more remarkable successful musical career and remains one who accredits her marriage as being an instrumentality that created a musical career for her.

The *Musical Courier* commented after her wonderful success in New York and insists that Rose Zulalian has all the attributes necessary to climb high on the ladder of fame and predicted that much more is to be heard from this gifted vocalist, a prediction that brings a hearty confirmatory response from those who have followed her career.

* * *

A CHARM that has the halo of old world romance accentuated with beauty and vitality is ever-present with Madame Olga Averino, whose debut in Boston in October, 1926, was interrupted by storms of applause and unstinted praise from the most critical

of Boston's critics. Even Philip Hale was mellowed in his comment:

"The voice of Madame Averino is of rich and emotional quality, well suited to dramatic interpretation, yet it is flexible so that florid passages are easily and smoothly performed. . . . In Gluck's beautiful aria Mme. Averino showed precision in attack. She sang with the appropriate simplicity and the unaffected sentiment demanded. . . . The Russian songs were sung with a genuine passion, and 'Oriental' was charmingly interpreted."

Her appearance in New York stirred the critics of the *New York Evening Post* to record the following tribute:

"There was one real impression of the evening, and that was the singing of Mme.



Robert Safford Ewing, one of California's artists and poets

Olga Averino. This interesting artist proved herself to be a most sympathetic and artistic interpreter."

These with the comments from the *Tientsin Times* and *Pekin Press* of China, according her a high place in the operatic world indicate something of the triumphal success of the new star that has appeared in the American musical firmament.

Madame Averino is the god-daughter of Tchaikowsky, the composer, and her parents, famed and cultured musicians, gave her the most thorough musical education.

When she appeared in Grand Opera in Russia it seemed as if she had a brilliant and happy future before her. The Revolution came and drove her with her husband, M. P. Fedorowsky, now of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to China, but even in these dark days the indomitable spirit of the young Russian songbird was not to be quelled. She sang in China and Japan and won an established fame in the Orient as one of the most popular operatic artists who had ever visited the Orient.

The story of the escape from Russia and the journey toward Boston is a thrilling series of adventures. The young people were determined on reaching America, the Mecca of musicians, following the war.

Her long journeys in foreign lands under trying circumstances and her keen observation have given her not only repertoire of unusual scope, but a deep and feeling interpretation of the moods and melody, and the harmony and hardships reflected in her struggles to reach the Land of the Free. Once in America her very soul gave vent to the happiness of a bird released from captivity. The operatic interpretations, concert classics and oratorios included in her programs are at once impressive. She seemed to know just how to costume the act or the song. The beauty of her black, flashing eyes and winning smile and charming personality only enhance the rich, colorful and appropriate setting which is given every number with a completeness that illuminates the very spirit of the selection. As a conversationalist she has the same vivacity as in her professional work. It is no wonder that she has been accounted one of the most popular prima donnas that has appeared in Boston for many years.

* * *

IT is usually the unplanned and unexpected events in life that leave a lasting memory. The picture of the editor of the *NATIONAL* was printed in the *American Magazine* and Robert Safford Ewing, an artist and poet in California insisted that there was a good-natured one he wanted to know and he sat down and made a miniature of the modest subject and sent the picture on as a sort of card of introduction. It carried a message of friendliness. Somehow my friend Ewing had put into that picture a something that I never thought was associated with my likeness, but I will confess I like it. The picture was painted by him with memories of Boston, and he invited me to come out and literally sit "under his vine and fig tree," for he challenged me to count the trees of figs that are hanging in great clusters around his home and over his very door. He announced his age as 87, but there was a youthful spirit in that letter that would have shamed many a cynical youngster of twenty-one. He was looking forward to tomorrow, which was so beautifully illustrated in his poems which included "Evening Cradle Song," "The Love that Once Had Blest," "Memories," and "The Song of Pasadena."

His kindly letters made me feel that I could not remember the time when I had not known him. Surrounded by the work of his pen and brush, redolent with rich memories, looking forward with clear vision eyes of a great soul, it seemed to me that Robert Ewing, whom I had never met, was one of those kindly spirits of elderly people who have watched and waited and helped me so much over Life's rough pathway. It is a great thing for young people to know how to utilize and appreciate the wisdom that has come with living. Am hoping sometime to see many friends in the sunset and sunrise of exceptionally golden California, for somehow it seems a land where the flowers of friendliness are always abloom. His portrait of myself makes me feel that I can never go beyond fifty in point of years.

VISIONS of a new Metropolitan Opera House in New York are fascinating, but what is to supplant the memories and traditions of the old Metropolitan which marks the very birthplace of American triumphs in operatic productions. What will ever take the place of the old Horseshoe Circle? The new walls will never be able to tell the stories of the notable gatherings that have been held in this historic pile of brick resting on the corner of 39th and Broadway. It just seems to fit. Where will the music critics that are wont to gather in William Garde's office and comment freely on affairs, musical and otherwise, assemble in the new palatial structure and where they can feel the same freedom of Garde's semi-newspaper office? Think of the large list of eminent stars who won their fame at the Metropolitan and made operatic history, and then think of Gatti-Casazza, the greatest Grand Opera Impresario in the world deserting

pany. The record of those twenty years is a story of the development of opera in America.

"Musical-melodrama—that's grand opera," continued the famous "Gatti," "and right here in the Metropolitan Opera Company we have all the greatest singers in the world, the greatest directors, the greatest ballets, the greatest musicians. Europe—La Scala—no, not any more; New York is the musical capital of the world."

Every time the Metropolitan curtain goes up, the cost of the performance is between \$14,000 and \$15,000. The seats range from \$7.70 to \$1—really not so expensive as some of the Broadway shows.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza is first of all a real manager. On his desk were blue pencils. In a drawer in his desk was a marked sheet that looked like a passenger list on a popular ocean liner. Remember, Gatti is first of all a mariner and charts his work.

There is in him the blend of a dreamer and a cultured business man with the soul of an artist. He awarded the prize of \$10,000 for the best American opera to Professor Horatio W. Parker and Brian Hooker, produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, March 14, 1912. He also produced the American operas, Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," Herbert's "Madeleine," De Koven's "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman." But Gatti-Casazza does not believe that the awarding of prizes for operas will create composers for if it is in them it will be expressed. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is the only exception.

Asked as to his favorite opera, he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"They are all my children. I serve the public. I give them what they want."

The life story of Giulio Gatti-Casazza would furnish enough dramatic material for an opera libretto.

He was the son of Senator Stefano Gatti-Casazza and was born at Undine, Italy, Feb. 3, 1869. He graduated as a naval engineer from the Polytechnical College in 1890 and little dreamed of taking up a musical career at that time. When he was called to straighten out affairs at Theatre Alla Scala at Milan he made a record in ten years from 1898 to 1908 that impelled the trustees of the Metropolitan in New York to secure his direction with the hope of securing the same magical results in America that he had achieved in Europe. Two years after his coming to America he married the famous operatic soprano, Madame Frances Alda. As a member of the faculty and council of the Institute of Musical Art in New York he has been able to do much for the musical world in America. With all the record of success he has achieved in Europe and America back of him, he will achieve fresh triumphs in the new Opera House where even greater fields of musical endeavor and achievement will continue to attract the best artists and composers of the world, who appreciate that Gatti-Casazza wields a fairy wand when it comes to opening the way for new operas and ambitious artists recruited the world over.

IT was through the foundation established by the Guggenheims that Col. Charles Lindbergh was able to visit forty-eight states from coast to coast on schedule time and prove the commercial practicability of aviation. The feat astonished even the most sanguine as to the future of aviation, but indicated that there is much to do in preliminary surveys and tests to make the world altogether safe in the general utilization of this latest and most fascinating of transportation agencies.



Hon. Simon Guggenheim, former United States Senator from Colorado

When former Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado and his wife announced a preliminary gift of three million for the establishment of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowships, they expressed their faith in men.

Meeting Senator Guggenheim in Washington soon after his election, I felt that I was in the presence of a man of ideals. His quiet, modest manner could not disguise the larger sympathetic impulse of a great nature. His business experience with that of his brothers has been international. Their record of achievement in the business world stretches from the remotest part of one hemisphere to the most distant points of the other. It was therefore natural that when he and his wife were considering a memorial to their beloved son, John Simon Guggenheim, that they should think of the Rhodes Foundation.

"With the progress of our country it is inevitable that our interests should reach out over the world. My father and my brothers and I have participated in this modern trend of business. I have been deeply impressed with the importance of a world-wide viewpoint and with the necessity of a better international understanding."

Years ago, with his brothers, he began the practice of employing only specialists, in the various phases of their business. Both he and his wife have always been deeply interested in art and music, and it is



Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan Opera, New York

the office where he has so long directed operatic affairs and recruited new stars year by year for his operatic firmament.

"Radio grand opera is like seeing the photograph of the original. It does not satisfy. It's like the phonograph—I can hear fifty records of my artists and I will not be able to recognize five of them. Opera must be both seen and heard."

Seated in his modest room in the rear of the Metropolitan Opera House—thus spoke Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He is an impressive looking man with a full beard and black eyes. As he leaned back with his thumbs in the armpits of his vest for a chat, on his desk was the schedule of operas to be produced. It was a calendar of significance, for, taking it up, he remarked:

"During the past thirty-five days we have produced twenty grand operas—not a few good and the rest bad, but twenty superlative, perfect operatic productions. That is our record toward meeting the musical needs of America."

The present season celebrates the twentieth year of Giulio Gatti-Casazza's connection with the Metropolitan Opera Com-

"What is it that worries us—you and me, Nero?" she crooned. "Are we merely scared at taking the jump, or is it. . . what is it?"

Nero pushed his head a few inches further on to her lap and made a strange whistling sound.

"If you could speak, old boy, what words of wisdom would come! But you can't."

Nero made a not altogether unsuccessful attempt to prove how wrong she was.

"I'm worried and you're worried, too. You haven't eaten your biscuits and that's a sure sign, isn't it? I didn't eat my lunch which is another sign, slightly different in its significance. Now we are fairly 'up against it' as they say in the classics."

Nero raised himself on his forepaws and tried to reach her face with his great red tongue.

"Now—now!" she expostulated. "You know that is never allowed. And you wouldn't like it—there's powder on to-night."

A knock came at the door and the face of Hadley peeped round it.

"May I come in?—your father said I should find you—"

"Do."

He entered the room and frowned as he perceived the great figure of Nero, with his tail stiff as a poker, barring the way.

"Nero!" cried Evelyn. "Behave yourself."

Nero's idea of behaving himself was to "back" against the wall as Hadley advanced, and then to sullenly walk out of the door, stopping for an instant to gaze back at the fair figure of his mistress as she stood beside the man he hated.

Dinner passed pleasantly enough, John giving his opinion on world finance and the possible consequences of an international strike. He spoke calmly enough, but his point of view was terrible to Evelyn.

"It's a popular delusion that such an upheaval among the working classes would smash Capitalism," he said. "Why a world revolution would simply give Capitalism its long waited chance. If such a thing as civil war were to happen in America I could name six men who would double their fortunes in less than three years."

"It's horrible," said Evelyn. "It savors of jackals—ugh!"

Hadley was totally unable to understand her expression of repugnance. He ascribed it to feminine squeamishness and forgave her because she happened to be what she was—the much-desired.

It was after dinner that he summoned up the courage to overcome his scruples. Marsh, feeling the vital hour to be at hand, took care to leave them to themselves, and Nero found the imported atmosphere a little more than his canine temperament could tolerate. He walked up and down the hall, stopping and sniffing every few minutes.

Evelyn walked to the piano and sat down.

"Shall I play something?"

"Yes—no."

It was curious that he disliked music. Brilliant pianist though she was, he had never once asked her to play for him.

When she played of her own accord she saw that he paid no attention to the music. He was either abstracted or assessing her in his own way.

She turned round.

"Is it yes or no?"

"Evelyn," he said in a low voice, "won't you come here?"

He moved to one end of the settee and inclined his head to the vacant half.

"If you wish it."

"Please!"

The thing she dreaded was coming. She knew it and her heart beat faster.

"There!" she said, sitting down beside him. "You evidently prefer me to my music."

"I do," he replied tersely. "Evelyn, I came to-night with an express purpose. I am a blunt man and put things in a blunt way. Will you marry me?"

For a few seconds there was dead silence, save for the monotonous ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. The ethereal face of the woman was flushed. The hand on the back of the settee trembled visibly. Hadley noticed the signs with obvious content.

"If—" he commenced.

"Wait! John, I knew you would ask me that soon. I wish you hadn't. I wish you could have been content with friendship."

"Evelyn!" he gasped. "You don't mean —"

She nodded.

"What you ask is impossible."

"Impossible!"

He seemed to choke on the word. He could scarcely believe his ears. He, John Hadley, had been turned down by a woman. There must be some mistake—some hideous obstacle unknown to him.

"John," she said, "don't think it's because I—I don't care. If I consulted my own heart it would have been different."

"Consulted—I don't understand."

"If I made it clearer you still might not understand—few people would."

He wrinkled his brows striving to see the underlying meaning in her words.

"Is a woman safe in trusting to her own intuition?"

"What other guide can she have?" he snapped.

"There are others. There is one in this very house at the moment."

"Your father? But he—"

"No, not my father—Nero."

"What!"

His look of amazement embarrassed her. It was difficult to explain to him.

"It may sound absurd," she said. "But that is the reason. Why does Nero hate you? He is the most docile of dogs. At first I thought it was merely a temporary dislike, but it isn't. You've never ill-used him or threatened him, and yet he would tear you to pieces if I permitted it. Did you notice him when you came in?"

"I never notice dogs," he said gruffly.

She saw his face tighten up and knew that it needed all his giant self-control to keep down his raging anger.

"John, it's just as painful for me to say this as for you to hear it. Do you know what it is to love a dog, to understand him so entirely that his very thoughts are

like an open book? We understand each other like that—Nero and I."

He gave a short laugh.

"And your life is ruled by a dog?"

"No," she retorted. "But he has never failed yet. The thing about you that Nero dislikes I should dislike too—when I discovered it."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I should like to know what it is—this hidden vice of mine," he said bitterly.

"Don't!" she implored. "You hurt me when you speak like that—but perhaps it's only fair, for I have hurt you."

"Yes. There are few people in this world who could hurt me, and you are one of them. No one has hurt me since I left the man who killed my mother. That's why I've won. I learned the rules of the game early in life. Did you ever read Darwin?"

"Yes," she said, wonderingly.

"There you have the law that prevails—the survival of the fittest. All life is like that."

"It isn't, not with human beings with souls to guide them. We are here to substitute something better. We are here to give love and compassion to the weak. We are not animals."

"Aren't we?"

"No—Love is the magic key we hold."

"I thought your dog had love, too."

"He has, but he got it from me. Love calls forth love, even as hate calls forth hate. John, haven't you learnt that yet?"

"I've learnt the latter part," he replied viciously. "I admire the thing that hates well. Life is rotten."

"John—John!"

"I think I'll go," he said. "It hasn't been a very successful night for me."

He suddenly saw a tear well up in her eyes.

"Evelyn," he said, "need it be—that? Is it final?"

She dropped her head and he heard the stifled "yes" that sent cold shivers down his spine.

"I love you—but I'm afraid of you. Why have you made me afraid of you?"

"God knows!"

"Nero knows!"

"Damn Nero!" he snapped, and strode out of the room.

Never had such a thing happened to John Hadley in the whole course of his brilliant career. It staggered him. It infuriated him. He had been turned down on account of a damned dog. If he had hated dogs before, he hated them now with interest.

He slept not a wink that night and appeared the next morning with all the furies raging in his breast. The servants shivered. Maurice, who heard the stenographic voice sacking almost every servant who was foolish enough to be in the vicinity, wondered what was up. Strangely enough Maurice was the only being who was utterly unafraid of the great J. H.

"Touch of the tantrums," he soliloquized. "Ah well, he'll get over it."

The great storm broke soon after breakfast. Maurice was taken entirely by surprise. He was invited into the library with some mysterious motive. When he

got there he saw by his father's face that hurricanes were at large.

John pushed across a letter to his son, without a word. Maurice noticed it was from the bank on which he drew. It was very brief:

"We beg to notify you that your son's account is overdrawn to the extent of \$20,000. We shall be glad if you will give us instructions to place same in credit by a transfer from your personal account."

Maurice gasped. He had no idea he had gone at such a pace. Then J. H. let fly.

"Where's that money gone to?"

"Heaven knows. Oh, there must be a mistake somewhere. I couldn't have spent all that."

"Where's your cheque book?"

"In my pocket."

"Give it to me."

He hesitated and then flung it on to the table. Hadley turned over the counter-foils and his face grew grimmer.

"Pagoda, five hundred—Pagoda, six hundred—Pagoda, four hundred. Succhi's ten thousand. . . . You rouse!" he roared. "How dare you squander my money in this fashion. I might have known; I might have guessed. What's this ten thousand paid to Succhi?"

"A necklace."

"A necklace? Who for—tell me this instant—who for?"

"Well, if you must know—Celeste Descamps."

"Celeste Descamps! Who the devil is she?"

"She—she's an actress."

Hadley flung the book on the table.

"So you consort with actresses and prostitutes—"

Maurice's eyes flashed.

"How dare you!"

"How dare I? You ask me how dare I? I've pampered you and kept you like a spoilt puppy since you went to Yale. You have taken advantage of my generosity. You have repaid me by deliberately robbing me."

"Robbing you?"

"Isn't it robbery to draw on an overdrawn account, when I am legally responsible?"

"But I didn't know—honestly I didn't know—"

"Don't attempt to make your crime the less by confessions of doltish ignorance of figures. I've spoilt you. I've pampered you when I should have chastised you."

Maurice's face relapsed into a faint smile, despite the seriousness of the situation. His hard muscles gathered up and he felt his hands itch. He was genuinely sorry that he had not examined his account more closely, but the attitude of his father aroused the innate pugnaciousness within him.

"I won't overdraw again," he said.

"You certainly will not!" stormed John.

"In future I will dictate your style of living and the company you will keep. You will do nothing without consulting me. You will make no friendships except I approve of them first."

The boy gripped a chair tightly.

"I am to be a bonded slave?"

"Yes—just that."

"I regret I can never tolerate that."

"What! You dare to defy me?"

"I dare to assert my right to liberty."

"Oh you do, eh? We'll see about that. You either obey me in word or deed or you get out of my house forever."

He was going beyond himself—he felt it and knew it. But the consciousness of his failure with Evelyn prevented him from exercising his fine mental balance. He felt he hated everybody—even his own son.

"D'you hear?" he shouted.

"I hear," said Maurice. "Is that all?"

"Yes—go."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and turned to the door.

"Wait!" cried Hadley. "Remember you've chosen for yourself. Don't blame me afterwards. Here's a cheque for a thousand dollars. It'll keep you until you can summon up the energy to work."

"Thanks," retorted Maurice. "I want nothing further from you. But I'll take my automobile—that at least was a gift."

"Take it—and be damned," said Hadley.

The door closed, and twenty minutes later he heard the sound of the car going up the drive. For a brief moment he thought of running out and stopping it, but his pride won.

"First my mother," he muttered. "Then the woman I desired, and now my son. Damn everything and everybody!"

CHAPTER V

DISILLUSION

MAURICE experienced queer sensations as he drove through the congested streets. He had no idea where to go, or what to do. He let the car slip through the traffic, and strove to get a clear mental grip of the situation. It was difficult to realize that the automobile and the two grips represented his entire personal belongings.

Hitherto money had never troubled him but it was going to trouble him now, that at least was certain. He was under no false impressions as regards his own money-earning capacity. He had no profession to his hand. All he was good at was athletics, and he saw little prospect of making a livelihood that way.

He arrived in the neighborhood of his club, and looked in, more out of custom than desire. Once there, it occurred to him that he might sleep there until he could make up his mind what to do.

He booked a room, read the morning papers and had lunch. It was while paying the bill that he realized fully the dreadful state of his financial affairs. All he possessed in cash was a few dollars. He began to wish he had taken the cheque his father had offered him. On second thoughts he came to the conclusion he had done the right thing in refusing. He saw clearly now that there had never been any love between his father and himself. Long ago he had seen the impossibility of any filial affection for Hadley. Any attempt was met with a cold resentment on the part of his father. It had come to him as a shock at first, but the passing years accustomed him to the strange loveless-

ness of Hadley. He almost forgot that it was in any way unusual. Now the crash had come it set him working again at the problem. He was forced to accept the fact that his father was not as other men. He was domineering, ruthless, merciless in his attitude towards his fellow men. Victory was the keynote of his existence, victory over all and sundry, with never a compassionate word or action for those who fell before his fierce onslaughts.

He might have stayed and been a slave to this doctrine. He could have been little else in the house of John Hadley—all there were minions and slaves, willing to act at word of command, to fit in with the scheme of things as it appeared to the great J. H. Now he was practically penniless—but free, gloriously free.

He looked out of the window and saw the big automobile outside. There was no garage at the club and it meant he must garage it somewhere. But what was the use of the thing to a man in his position. He couldn't afford the daily cost of the gasoline it consumed.

"That your auto out there, Hadley?"

He turned and saw the lazy figure of Hetherington gazing in admiration at the car.

"Yes."

"Lucky devil!"

Maurice laughed grimly.

"Think so?"

"Well I guess any man who happens to be the son of John Hadley has no cause to grouse at his luck. Say, what did you pay for that space-eater?"

"I didn't pay anything—it was a present. Like to buy it?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Would you like to buy it—I want to sell it, cheap."

"Can't afford it. I'm looking out for a cheaper thing. I've a thousand dollars to spend on an auto—no more."

"Right—she's yours for a thousand this minute."

Hetherington looked amazed.

"You don't mean that?"

"I do. I'm hard up, and I'd rather sell you the car than let a dealer make a thousand out of it. Go and have a look at her."

"I don't need to. I've seen her before. But you don't really mean you will take a thousand? What's the good of a thousand to you?"

"My dear chap, that car, half a dozen suits of clothes, fifteen dollars, plus several toilet accessories are all I possess in this world."

"Plus a wealthy father."

"I don't possess him any longer, or he me. We have dispossessed each other."

"What!"

"It's true. There was a real bust, this morning."

"Gosh—what are you going to do now?"

Maurice shook his head.

"I don't know. I haven't thought much about it yet, but there is one thing I am not going to do, and that is starve. I have very strong natural objections to starving."

Hetherington bought the auto and Maurice drew instantly on the amount. The former saw no need to keep secret the as-

tounding news of the Hadley cleavage, and everyone in the club knew it by the evening. By extraordinary courses the news travelled abroad and most people connected commercially or socially with Hadley knew it before New York sat down to dinner.

"Bound to happen—the man has no soul."

"I shouldn't like to go as far as that. There are good points about John Hadley if one only looks for them."

"You'd need a fine microscope."

"He's a refrigerator—a human refrigerator."

"Oh hang Hadley, what about the boy—Maurice?"

"He'll find himself up against it. Nice lad too. Carried off all the cups at Yale."

"Oh, he's good enough at athletics but that won't carry him far. It'll end in the usual way—poverty, drugs and the Coroner's inquest."

"Nonsense—Maurice has the making of a fine man."

"I'm not so sure. There are a lot of rumors afloat. There's a woman they call Celeste—"

Thus the inevitable gossip went on. It was, on the whole, a good thing for Maurice that he was ignorant of all this cross talk and tittle-tattle. Most of it was of the scandalous kind, with pointed innuendos. They certainly knew a lot about Celeste of which Maurice was totally ignorant.

At that moment he was thinking about Celeste, envisaging her in all her physical glory. He would have to tell her of the quarrel but he thought she would be glad to hear that he had chosen liberty in place of ignominious serfdom under the tyrannous sceptre of J. H.

After dinner at the club he walked along to the theatre, just in time to catch Celeste before she went on the stage. He entered the dressing room and found her "making up." She put down the hare's foot and the bella donna and ran to greet him.

"I've been thinking of you, dear," she lisped.

"And I've been thinking of you," he replied. "You are looking more beautiful than ever."

She sat on the arm of his chair playing with his hair.

"I want you to think me beautiful. Your appreciation is all that matters, *mon ami*."

It was curious he could not see the stunted soul under its gaudy covering. It was remarkable he could not realize that all these trappings hid the weakest of personalities, whose only claim to distinction was a well formed figure, the sensuous lines of which were deliberately accentuated by her studied movements.

She was not a little amazed at her own power. She had hypnotized men before, but few of them were of Maurice's type. There was a great difference between this muscular, clean-cut youth and the kind of man who usually ran after such butterflies as Celeste.

"You love me?" she queried, softly.

"Madly."

"I wonder."

"Can you doubt it?" He said passionately.

"I don't know—men are strange beings. They often mistake passion for love."

"Listen, Celeste. I love you very dearly. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

She looked at him and then wrinkled her brows.

"I was hoping you would come, dear boy. I—I have been very worried to-day."

"Worried?"

"Yes—one of those foolish little worries. My costumer has called and threatens all kinds of ridiculous things unless I settle his account by to-morrow. It oughtn't to worry me, but it does. I hate these money troubles. Maurice, you will not let this make me miserable—will you lend me some money?"

He came to earth with a sudden shock.

"How much?" he faltered.

"Not very much—five thousand dollars, no more."

"Five thousand dollars!" he gasped.

The look on his face surprised Celeste. He had given her a necklace worth far more than that, surely he wasn't going to be so mean as to make any difficulty now?

"I—I can't do it," he said.

"What!"

"Celeste, I came here to tell you that there has been a row between me and the old man."

"Oh, but you will make it up."

He shook his head.

"You don't know my father. If I were willing, which I am not, he would not be. There will be no reconciliation between us."

The news appalled her.

"You mean—he has disinherited you?"

"Yes, just that."

She clenched her small fists, and into her eyes came a hard look.

"You must make it up—you *must*. If you go to him and ask him to forgive you perhaps—"

"What!" His brow clouded. The instantaneous change in her attitude astonished him.

"I would rather rot in the gutter than do that. I'm sorry dear, about the account, but all I possess in the world is far, far less than five thousand dollars."

"You must have been mad, mad to do such a thing. Don't you see what it means—poverty?"

"I'm not afraid of that—I guess I can make good—in time."

Her lips curled in a sneer. She disengaged his arm and went to the dressing table.

"Celeste!"

"Don't talk to me."

A terrible suspicion was forming in his brain. Did it mean that it was merely money and presents she—? Were all these earlier protestations of love merely eyewash? He caught a glimpse of her reflected face through the mirror. It seemed to be a different face now. It was as if the mask she had worn was cast aside, leaving bare the mean little soul of her. He stepped up to her and caught her by the shoulder. She pushed his hand away.

"What's the matter, Celeste?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Go away—I'm busy."

Instead of going away he put out his hand, and with a quick movement turned her round. She had not even the intelligence to see that the habitual careless expression had vanished from his face. She had never known him other than a rather love-sick youth, careless of his money, and thoughtless to the last degree. It needed such a moment as this to bring out that hidden side of him—the pugnacious spirit of the Hadleys.

"I—I thought you said you loved me," he said, unsteadily.

She made an indescribable sound with her mouth.

"Was it mere acting?"

"I don't know—don't worry me."

"Was it?" he repeated.

She struggled to free her hands, but they were gripped as in bonds of steel. It was quite unconscious on his part—he only knew that something icily cold had gripped his heart, and that every movement of her sneering face pained him as nothing had ever done before.

"Let me go—you brute!" she cried.

He relinquished his grip and she fell back against the table, banging her elbow.

"Get out of my room!" she shouted.

He stood perfectly still, his chest heaving under the stress of his emotions. He saw her now as she was—saw her in all her hollowness of heart. He realized how much time and money had been wasted—on this. He about to snatch up his hat and depart, when, from behind a curtain at the end of the room came a stifled sneeze.

"What's that?"

Celeste's face went crimson. He moved towards the curtain, and quickly drew it aside. A fierce exclamation burst from his lips. Behind the curtain was Vernon Hartree.

"Come out!" he choked.

Hartree sauntered out. He stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying Maurice with a smirking expression.

"What are you doing in here?"

"What the devil has that got to do with you?"

"He's here because I asked him to come," said Celeste.

"You asked him?"

"Why not? Do you imagine you own this room—or me?"

Maurice looked deadly dangerous. He strode up to Celeste.

"Is it he who owns—you?"

The swift question took her by surprise. Instantly he knew the bolt had shot home. He drew his hand across his forehead at the sickening realization of it.

"Great God—so that is it. To think—"

He turned to Hartree, his face ghastly.

"You infernal—You muck—!"

"Get out—you pauper!"

His control went by the board. He sprang at Hartree and with one blow sent him staggering to the other side of the room. Celeste gave a cry of horror. Hartree, with aching jaw, gathered himself together and hurled his full weight at the infuriated boy. Like a thunderbolt he came. There was a movement like lightning, the sickening sound of a hard fist

meeting bone, and Hartree went down like a log.

"Oh, Oh," wailed Celeste.

"He's got some of his deserts—the balance will come in due season," growled Maurice. "As for you—"

He got no further. He saw the figure of Celeste rise from the prone body of Hartree, her eyes standing out of her head.

"You—you've killed him," she whispered.

Stricken with horrible dread he knelt down by the still figure and felt for the heart. No sound came. The white face never moved. He staggered to his feet appalled with the consciousness of his crime.

"It oughtn't to have killed him—it oughtn't," he muttered.

Celeste sat like a statue, unable to utter a word. He looked at her, hesitated, then took up his hat and slowly left the room.

Dazed, he wandered through the streets. In a short time the police would know and then— He found it impossible to think clearly. . . . Something had to be done, but what? Should he go and give himself up? After all there was little to live for now. Celeste had proved utterly worthless. There was no mistaking the relationship between those two—oh, the agony of it!

He began to think a little more clearly.

He walked towards the police station. On the very doorstep a revulsion of feeling swept over him. Hartree was a rotter of the worst description. The world was better without him. Was it fair to give up his life for a wretch like that?

Life was sweet anyway. His healthy body rebelled against the idea of meek surrender. He couldn't do it. . . . For two minutes he stood within a few yards of the police station and then decided. It wasn't human for a man to give himself up in this way. It was all an accident—sheer accident. He would go away and try to live it down.

He realized there was no time to be lost. A hue and cry would be raised soon and then an escape would be difficult. He consulted a pocket railway-guide, called a taxi, and in half an hour was speeding towards the distant Western states.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN HADLEY SEEKS SOLITUDE

FATE certainly seemed to have conspired against Hadley's earlier equanimity of mind. His failure with Evelyn, his quarrel with Maurice, and one or two minor disappointments were in themselves sufficient to make him madder than ever before. It only needed the astounding result of the New Jersey Steel Corporation Annual Meeting to add the last straw to his heavy load.

He had never even considered the possibility of such a thing happening. It seemed incredible that his fellow directors—men raised by his help to financial prominence—should have the audacity to vote against his re-election as President. But so it was.

White of face—quivering with suppressed rage—he came home from the

meeting to think things out. Verily it seemed that his castle was tottering. It never occurred to him that he himself was in the slightest degree responsible for all these happenings. He took no lesson from them, but merely allowed them to add to the bitterness of his soul. Evelyn had allowed a cursed dog to overrule her own judgment. Maurice had proved a weak fool and a totally unworthy son. All those other fools, who envied his position in the world of finance, were conspiring to down him.

He had not the slightest fear of them. His enormous wealth, backed by his clever brain, was proof against such puny minds as theirs. He would fight them, break them utterly and send them ruined to the gutter. He began to think out schemes for doing this—clever, diabolical schemes, at the conception of which he was a master. He went to bed with them filling his brain.

But on the morrow he changed his mind. All night he had dreamed of Evelyn. His dream was comprised of a long series of incidents, in all of which Evelyn figured. He was fighting for her, scrambling over heaps of money to reach her, and always he failed. Every time she succeeded in slipping through his fingers. He moaned and cried in his sleep at his utter failure to get her. Dogs, too, chased him through interminable avenues, yelping at his heels as he fled.

It was this beautiful wraith of his dreams, in the figure of Evelyn, which was the cause of his change of mind. He wanted to forget her—to forget that it was at her hands he had suffered his greatest defeat—for he saw now it was his greatest defeat.

What was the use of staying here with that unattainable jewel in the near vicinity, to mock him at times, and to re-open his deepest wound? Quick to make decisions he made the greatest one of his life in exactly twenty minutes. He rang up his solicitor and ordered him down at once. The little man, fearful of his powerful client, cut out all other business and rushed down to Fifth Avenue.

"Smelt, I want to make a few will."

"Certainly," replied Smelt.

"At my death I want one-half of my fortune to go to James Donkin, M. D., of this city for the express purpose of fighting the anti-vivisection movement."

"But—"

"Damn you—are you deaf?"

"No-no—very good. Pray proceed."

"The other half is to go to Miss Evelyn Marsh. That's all."

"But your son—?"

"I have no son."

"I-I thought—?"

"Don't dare to mention him to me again," thundered Hadley. "Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"Then get the will prepared. Now, I want to buy a country estate."

"Away from New York?"

"Didn't I distinctly say 'country'? I don't care where it is as long as it's far removed from this infernal world of liars and thieves. Find me a place up in the mountains—anywhere—and find it quick."

Smelt put his fingers to his forehead and mused.

"That oughtn't to be difficult. How big?"

"As big as you like—anything up to the size of Canada, if you like. All I want is solitude. I'm finished—not down and out, but disgusted. I'm going to amuse myself with killing things as a philanthropic hobby."

"Killing things?" ejaculated Smelt.

"Yes—not men and women—they aren't worth powder and shot."

"I see—you want game."

"Yes—see there's plenty of game in the neighborhood. I'll give you three days in which to find me a suitable place. If you don't get it within that time I'll find someone who can."

Smelt nodded.

"What about this house?"

"Sell it. Sack the servants and sell every stick in here. I never want to see it again, or anything that will remind me of New York."

Smelt went away with doubts in his mind as to the sanity of his client. Anyway, his job was to do as he was told, and he set about to do it.

Hadley having arrived at this decision was considerably relieved. His former rage melted into a fine cynicism. He was a little sick of breaking men on the street. The novelty had palled, particularly when he realized that in other directions he had failed. He had not seen Evelyn since that memorable evening and despite his inner craving determined not to do so again. Only once he met her father.

"Hadley, I'm sorry," said Marsh. "It was my dearest wish—"

"I don't need compassion," growled Hadley. "Why don't you laugh as the others are laughing?"

"My dear Hadley—you are entirely mistaken. I can tell you one who is not laughing, and that is Evelyn. I don't understand it at all. Can't you enlighten me?"

"Evelyn wanted a lap-dog—not a husband," snapped Hadley.

Marsh tugged at his beard. Evelyn had merely told him that Hadley had proposed and had been refused. It puzzled him.

"You'll come round and see me now and again Hadley?" he queried.

"I shall never see a soul again in New York, after this week," said Hadley doggedly. "I'm going out of it."

"What! You don't mean—?"

"I do. Mine has been a queer life Marsh—full of victories and full of pain. Every single thing that has come to me has been won by fighting. I'm not fighting any more. I'm going where there's no enemy to fight. I'm sick of 'em. I'm sick of everything in this damned world."

He left Marsh abruptly and called on Smelt.

"Well?" he jerked out.

"I've got it—the very place," said Smelt.

"Where is it?"

"It's over the border—it's in British Columbia," hesitated Smelt.

"I don't care if it's in Jericho. What's this—a photograph?"

He picked up the print and examined it. It depicted a fine timber-built lodge, of

fair proportions with a huge hill stretching away behind it. It lay nestling among pine trees—an attractive oasis in a beautiful wilderness.

"It belongs to a Mr. Godfrey Chetwynd," explained Smelt. "He's a young Englishman who wants to sell up and get back to the old country. I believe the place is unique in its way. He has spent years in getting it into shape. The mountain at the back and all the land around to the extent of 20,000 acres go with the house. There is wild game in abundance, electric light and everything that one could desire. But it's rather isolated—the nearest township is thirty miles away."

"Sounds all right. What's the price?"

"I can't get him to state a price. Willing to accept any reasonable offer."

"Look me out a train," said Hadley. "I'm going right up there to look at the place."

The next day he started on his long journey. The photograph had made a tremendous impression upon him. It seemed as if Providence had found the very place for him.

He left the train at a "halt" within ten miles of the property and found Chetwynd waiting to meet him with a conveyance. The latter was a man of about his own age, bronzed by wind and sun, and of rather serious demeanor. He shook hands with Hadley and took his bag.

"I got your telegram," he said. "But I wasn't sure that you wouldn't overlook the halt and go on to Charlesville. It's twenty miles further on. Anyhow you're here so it's all right."

The ten mile drive was full of interest. The track twisted and turned between mountains. The scenery was indescribably beautiful. The declining sun steeped the whole fairyland with roseate light. Not a single soul did they meet—it might have been the Garden of Eden so still and desolate was it.

The lodge was a sumptuous affair. Excellent taste was in evidence everywhere. Chetwynd showed him over the house with obvious pride, and smiled softly as he saw the effect it had upon him.

He had been singularly silent on the drive, but during dinner he seemed to fling off his melancholia. The meal, excellently cooked, was served by a half-caste mute. There seemed to be no other servant about the house.

"Does he do all the work here?" queried Hadley.

"Yes. He's priceless. I picked him up fifteen years ago in Alaska. Poor devil bit his tongue clean off by falling from a rock. But he makes up for it in hearing. You can just snap your finger and he'll hear it a mile away. He doesn't live in—he prefers a cabin down in the woods a mile back. He comes in daily and goes to his shack when I'm to bed."

"What do you call him?"

"Zoom."

"Unconventional."

"Yes, but what's in a name? It's easy

to say, that's why I adopted it. He likes it, too."

"And you want to sell out?"

He sighed.

"I've got to. A relative of mine has kindly died and left his estate to me. It's a big estate and will want a lot of managing. I wouldn't go, but there are sisters and aunts and all kinds of females interested, and they'll make a hopeless muck of it unless I put a spoke in. They'll quarrel like hell—at least they always used to. I wish the estate was at the bottom of the sea—and the women, too."

The last words were uttered with such a tinge of bitterness that Hadley stared at him.

"You're not in love with women, eh?"

"I'm not in love with anything but this glorious place—and one other thing. They made me sick of life, out there, fifteen years ago and I came out here to forget. It's taken me fifteen years to get this place as you see it now. There's a big drop in the river way back. I harnessed the falls and converted them into electrical power. I have collected all the things necessary to such an existence as this. And now I'm going to leave it all for the benefits of civilization. God—what a fool! But it's got to be done."

"And what is the other thing you are in love with?" asked Hadley.

Chetwynd's face lighted up. Into his rather hard features came a look of almost womanly tenderness.

"How remiss of me—I forgot to introduce you. He has been bathed and is drying in the kitchen, or he would have been out to meet us."

He clapped his hands and Zoom appeared.

"Send Prince Victor in," he said.

Zoom nodded, and an instant later a beautiful collie dog came running into the room. He was about five years of age, with bright intelligent eyes and a coat that shone like burnished copper. It was evident he had been looked after with the most loving care. The silken coat bore ample evidence of constant and untiring attention. He was in perfect health and condition and pranced like a young puppy as he realized he was called to his beloved master. Then he saw Hadley's frowning face, and cocked his ears as the latter muttered an intense "Hell!"

"Come here you rogue," ordered Chetwynd.

To have gone straight to his master he would have had to go close by Hadley. The situation puzzled him, and his hesitation bewildered Chetwynd. He finally solved the difficulty by going all round the room and approaching his master by the long route.

"That's not polite, you know," remonstrated Chetwynd. "Now go to Mr. Hadley and apologize."

The dog stood with his head lowered. He had deliberately evaded Hadley. He had done so for the same queer reason that

all other dumb animals evaded this man. And now the voice of the man he loved bade him go where he wished not to go. It was a command from the god and he knew he must obey. From puppyhood it had been sheer joy to obey, but now—

He walked across to Hadley, with almost-frightened eyes, and stood a pace or two from him staring at the ground. It was perhaps as well that Chetwynd could not see the cold hate in Hadley's eyes. He suffered the dog to place one reluctant foot on his arm, and then firmly pushed it away.

The next morning was spent with Chetwynd in looking over the land. It fulfilled Hadley's wildest desires. He saw it was alive with game and that the estate as a whole commanded a view that was perhaps incomparable in the whole of Canada. After lunch they came to business.

"I'll buy if you'll sell to me," said Hadley. "I'll pay a hundred thousand dollars for the whole thing as it stands—that's a fair price."

Chetwynd sat for a few minutes in silence. It tore his heart strings to part with this, but he had already made his decision and meant to carry it through.

"I agree," he replied abruptly. "I make only two conditions."

"What are they?"

"The first is that you will retain the mute, Zoom, on the same conditions as I employ him."

"That's agreed. What's the second?"

"The second is that you will take my dog in with the estate. I can't take him to England because of the outbreak of rabies there. He would have to be muzzled and it would break his heart."

Hadley's great chin came out.

"You'll have to waive that. I wouldn't have him at any price."

Chetwynd stared at him.

"What!"

"I hate dogs," snapped Hadley, "and they hate me."

"You can't hate a dog like Victor," retorted Chetwynd, with a touch of anger. "See here, I've set my heart on his staying here, and you take him or the deal is off."

Hadley frowned. He also had set his heart on getting the estate. It was as Smelt said, unique.

"All right," he said. "He can stay. I daresay I can train him to walk a hundred yards behind me, which is quite close enough for my liking."

Chetwynd gave a gesture of impatience.

"You are not in New York now," he said.

"Any marauder could break in here without fear of the police. You may find a dog useful. God—it seems a crime to leave him. . . . See here, one day I may be able to get him across. You've got to sell him back to me if I want him?"

"You shall have him, cheap," said Hadley.

The deal was carried through, and a week later John Hadley shook the dust of New York from his feet, to the great delight of quite a large number of people.

A Thrilling Trip to Atom Worlds

A weird and gripping vision into the realms of mystery that has baffled science for centuries and stirred the imagination of humans to fanciful scenes associated with this mundane sphere

By GOTTFRIED HOFER, JR.

(An extract from a startling scientific paper by Sir John Keith, F. R. S., which was recently read before the Royal Society. Sir Keith will be remembered as the scientist who less than two months ago brought out a giant atom microscope—an instrument of such inconceivable magnifying power that it makes atoms visible. What had been a scientific dream was by this one invention overnight transformed into a fact with Keith in the unique role of sole authority, living or dead, on the subject. This paper, following on the heels of the introduction of the microscope as it does, caused perhaps an even greater sensation in scientific circles, for where one has given the actuality of a new science, the other marks the beginning of a new era. At the least, Keith's paper cannot be received as the patter of a scientific romancer; the wonders he has thus far wrought in atom research belie that.)

THE unceasing advance of science has brought fulfilment just ahead now, and people are more or less prepared for it. Yet, I doubt if the most radical, even in a moment of wildest fancy, ever speculated on the possibility of communication with an atom world. A world inhabited like his own but so small that more than sixty-two billion like it might be placed easily in an area of one square inch!

The members of the society are more or less familiar with the construction of my atom microscope, but as an exact understanding of certain details are necessary to comprehensive study of the following, I think I had better include a brief description.

To begin with, the atom microscope consists of a brass cylinder, thirty feet long and six in diameter, mounted between two supports rising upright from the floor. The top of the tube widens out into a rectangular room, the observer's vault. Inside the brass cylinder is an inverted aluminum cone, its apex about two feet from the bottom base of the cylinder, its base the floor of the vault. Inside this cone are arranged, at definite intervals, lenses in pairs; first an objective lens, then an ocular, and so on; or putting it another way, there are a number of complete little microscopes arranged in succession from the apex to the base of the cone. Each of these microscopes serves to remagnify the image passed on by its predecessor. This is the very simple working principle of the atom microscope.

The apex of the cone consists of a thin plate of platinum with a hole in it that was made by a bombarding radium atom. On either side of this minute aperture is the pole of an electromagnet. Atoms are subject to magnetic induction, and when current is applied to this magnet, some atomic specimen, whirling about in the vicinity, is sure to be sucked into the atom-

hole where it fits snugly, allowing of an exclusive observation of it and nothing else.

The base of the cone, or, the floor of the vault, is a screen on which the magnified image is projected. The observer is strapped to the roof, in which position he has command of all the controls. Illumination for the object is furnished by a special arrangement of ten powerful arc lamps on the specimen stage.

In the beginning I was confronted with the problem of getting perfect lenses, for the minutest flaw in any one would be passed along, magnified each time, and ruin everything. I finally solved this difficulty by having the lenses rotate in mercury filled sheaths at the rate of twenty-two times per second. This makes them appear perfect, for the human eye does not register imperfections in swiftly rotated objects. Another problem of the same trend lay in the dust between the lenses. This I overcame by pumping a vacuum between every lens.

An atom viewed through this microscope, appears about as large as a basket ball. A little sphere of most any color, and in the case of many, encircled by from one to five filmy, luminous rings, in appearance similar to those around the planet Saturn. On some you could even detect mountains and seas.

After I had been making observations for several weeks, I began to wonder at the queer feeling of drowsiness that I was subject to during these periods, immediately passing away once I brought the observation to a close. This did not happen once or twice, but every time no matter how fresh and unfatigued I might be.

Tracing the phenomena to its source, I found that it proceeded from the image on the screen—induced hypnosis! All that was necessary was to concentrate intently on that image for several moments. As soon as you withdrew your eyes from the screen, however, the spell was almost immediately broken. It was the weirdest feeling imaginable; just as though you were in the presence of a malignant power, an unembodied mind with which your own will could not cope. I consulted the best references on hypnotism to no avail. Crystal-gazing was the nearest approach to it; but when I tried that for the sake of comparison, I got no results. I began to wonder what would happen if I should submit entirely to this influence once, and finally I decided to experiment and find out.

Five minutes after throwing current to the electromagnets, I caught a specimen—a dark sea-green atom with three encir-

ling rings. Starting the lenses rotating in their sheaths and setting automatic controls, I loosened my body straps a little and relaxed into as passive a mood as possible under the circumstances.

With surprising suddenness the thing began. First the sense of taste left me. Then touch and temperature. Next, color, except for the image below me; I could fully distinguish the color of that. Then, perception of form, except, as before, the image on the screen.

When I revived, I was hovering over a bleak green sea, the waters of which stretched as far as I could see. Night covered the place but above in the heavens circled three filmy, luminous belts of stars, three close-packed Milky Ways—the encircling rings! The sea also seemed to exude a kind of pale phosphorescence.

I found that I could move without physical effort; by just willing the action. So for hours I swept over that cold, luminous sea seeking a shoreline. There was none that I could find. Everything was solitude and bleakness.

Suddenly something shot past me out of the night and circled and swooped back—a pursuer! I dodged clumsily enough and sought the upper air. Another of the creatures dove at me from the height. I was almost surrounded by them, I saw! I sank almost to the water's surface and then spiraled up in wide circles. I think I was getting away in the unexpectedness of this new maneuver when a beam of blue light cut the shadows, swept the skies for a moment, and then picked me up with the telltale finger of a search-light. Still I sped on. When and where the nightmare would end I could not guess.

A beam of red light shot up and covered me from below. The moment those two beams, the blue and the red, intersected on my body, I was helpless. I did not fall, but I was held prisoner in that little rhomb of light, my every power of movement suspended. The creatures hung above me for a moment and then glided down, taking care, however, that they did not come into that deadly intersection of light. Evidently they were as susceptible to its effects as I.

I could see them plainly now. Their entire anatomy consisted of a round pulpy body with six tentacles fastened to the under side. There was no head, and the body was entirely blank and featureless and semi-transparent like a ball of pure wax. Except for their size they would have been comparable in development to the simplest order of cell life. They communicated with each other in a sort of

thin wail, without noticeable syllabication, accent, or inflection.

The rays that held me prisoner died out; but still I was helpless, for the paralysis that they had caused lasted. I did not have command of even the least of my faculties—my voice.

A thin, muscular grasper groped out and gripped me—others—now many of the quivering appendages held me as efficiently as many coils of rope. Then without a sound my captors rose with me, circled twice in the damp air like hounds picking up the scent, and bolted off with an infinite speed. You may not comprehend just what I mean here. There was no physical barrier to speed. It was possible to cover hundreds of miles in the time I took to will the action—the speed of thought.

The paralysis was rapidly dying out now, but still all thoughts of resistance were far from my mind. I let out a lusty yell however, but received no acknowledgment for my pains.

Again that thin wail, and the fliers took a sharp dip toward the sea. Looking down after much straining of my neck, I saw thousands of white domes that dotted the surface of the sea like myriads of buoyant igloos—the floating city of the atom dwellers.

We landed en masse on one of the domes—huge affairs they were, two hundred feet or more in diameter, and evidently spherical in shape, one-half being submerged. On close observation I saw that they were built of a semi-transparent mineral that resembled quartz.

With little ceremony my captor raised a trap-door and dropped me in. Downward I shot for several feet before I recalled that I, like them, had power over gravitation at will. Unexpectedly I reached the bottom and my foot came in contact with a soft, giving something. It rolled under my tread and I gave vent to a sharp cry of pain; then:

"Look what you're walking on hereafter, won't you?"

I think a zephyr of the mildest kind might have bowled me over in that moment. It was a full minute before I recovered from my amazement, and even then it was to utter the most idiotic words possible under such conditions.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?" was the reply of the astonishing creature hidden in the darkness.

Without giving me time to venture a word, however, it continued with a short laugh, and in *feminine* voice:

"Never mind; I know who you are!"

She emerged from the shadows and stood dimly outlined before me. And here I received another shock. My fellow prisoner was not a human being as I had expected. Even the atom dwellers, strange in form though they were, did not compare with her. She was formed in the exact facsimile (if I may use the word) of an earth woman's body, but her body was not flesh and blood—not material. The best I can describe it is that it was simply a pulsing cloud of color—a vapor

moulded into human shape. It was the body of no natural being.

"Don't look so scared," said she. "I used to live on your Earth; I was once human like you!"

"But I don't understand—"

"Of course not; but if you will be still a moment I shall explain."

"I said that I once lived on Earth as a human, like you. So I did. I was born in Sidney, New South Wales, in 1833. Alena Allen was my earthly name if that'll help you any. In 1913 I died, at the age of eighty—a ripe old age, eh?"

"Now I suppose that you've heard of the survival of the soul?"

"Well, that's what you see before you now. The moment the soul left the body of old Alena Allen on Earth it was transported to this spirit realm and went through the process of being born again—an entirely different person you might say. Now I shall never have a physical body again; I have passed that stage. Here I am a young girl again, no longer Alena Allen, but Mirsela."

"I began here just where I left off on Earth. Everything I learned there, every perfection I ever acquired, remained with me, and I add to them here. So you see, Sir John Keith, I am a being of a higher order than yourself. I have all your natural faculties and accomplishments and a great many more which to you are supernatural. As far as you are concerned, I am a goddess invested with all the powers of magic that you can think of."

"But some day I must die here too. And then I shall be reincarnated again on some other world I suppose—how can I tell where?"

"But these atom men who captured me—" I began, with a vision of the round pulpy bodies that so reminded me of the lowest order of cell life and a mental comparison with Mirsela's own dainty, vapory soul-body.

"Bah!" interrupted Mirsela disgustedly, "I am not of their race; I do not belong on this world any more than you do. They are creatures who have not even been born on earth yet."

"But that red-and-blue ray weapon of theirs," I protested. "We have nothing on Earth to quite equal that."

For the benefit of the reader I will here explain the working principle of this machine. The red was the elemental opposite of the blue ray just as acid is of alkali. This can be understood more fully if the reader will remember that acid turns litmus paper red while alkali will restore it to blue. Thus the red ray, an infra-red, was the acid; and the blue, which was ultra-violet, corresponded to the alkali. These when "mixed," gave the same reaction that an acid will give when it is mixed with an alkali.

"Why, they didn't invent that," returned Mirsela. "We did; and then gave it to them to play with. It's harmless; in fact, it has no effect whatever upon my people."

"Your people?" I said questioning.

"Of course. Don't you think there's anyone else where I came from?—Look there! Do you see that dimmed star there?" She

pointed through the transparent dome to a brilliant orb in the midst of the three belts of stars overhead. "That is the world I am from."

"Then what are you doing here?" I asked, "—and in this prison?"

"I will tell you: Some unknown force has drawn our world out of its regular orbit and is pulling it into inevitable collision with this world!"

A cold sweat suddenly beaded my brow at that. I understood too well what was happening! The electromagnet of the atom microscope was drawing another specimen out of space—drawing it into collision with the atom it already held! But how could I explain this to Mirsela?—and what good would an explanation do?

"Never fear," continued Mirsela, "when the crash comes, mine is the world which will survive. This one is entirely liquid; it will be utterly destroyed!"

"But what object could they have in imprisoning you?"

"I can answer that for both of us. We annoy them. Therefore they take the easiest means of getting rid of us. We were put in here to die—the trap-door above has been sealed—we're practically buried alive!"

"But don't get excited," Mirsela hastened to add. "I can get away anytime I choose. I am not an ordinary creature, such as yourself, you know; I have psychic powers."

"Then what are you waiting for?" I cried.

"Well," answered Mirsela blandly, "I waited quite some time for you. You see, I knew what would happen to you unless I helped you."

"Come on—" and taking me by the hand, she rose right against the thick barrier of the dome. We passed through it as if it had been thin air.

* * *

And so we sped on through the eternal night of the atom worlds. I say eternal for these worlds have no light other than that of their encircling rings. Momentarily they decreased in size behind our terrific flight until they were little bigger than the moon of Earth in harvest time. From this aspect there seemed to be a peace, a harmony, about them that you could almost feel. I mean to say that I suddenly became conscious of a rhythm that stays even the atom from chaos.

The two atom worlds were now about five of their own diameters apart—now three, and with something akin to fascination we watched the distance between them lessen until the red world just impinged the three rings of the other. These broke up and dissolved before it, and a blast of warm air swept out and smote us even where we were.

And then there was a deep, all-pervading rumble such as I shall remember to my dying day. Monstrous columns of water shot miles high in the air. A cloud of mist spread out in a quick puff, and eddying currents of air tugged at us on every hand. Tiny, perfect balls of water whirled crazily off in space, and broke up into smaller balls, and volleyed on into nothingness.

When we could see again through the lessening confusion, only the red world rode the void. Mirsela's prediction had been fulfilled; the watery world had been wiped out as completely as though it had never existed.

For a long time Mirsela and I were held spell-bound by that sight. The deathly silence was broken when our eyes caught a tiny, moving haze in the distance.

"Now we may go back!" she declared joyfully.

It was the multitudes of her people, returning to their world.

But, a moment later when we looked again, the haze had disappeared. We marveled a little at this although it did not disturb us. It could only mean one thing—that they had reached their destination.

* * *

And so I came to Mirsela's world. It was a place of weirder beauty than the other. Tall, jagged, queerly shaped rocks towered over chasms of immeasurable depth. Whole uprooted forests of extraordinary vegetable growth were everywhere. Avalanches, arrested in their mad descent, hung dizzily over natural pits in the ground. And everything—the very vegetation itself, emitted a dull red aura which hung like a ghostly, fluorescent fog over all.

On level plateaus which interspersed the crags were littered the wrecks of the spirit-people's dwellings. These were not spheres as on the other world but sixteen-sided prisms, and their glistening sides gave forth rainbow colors in the dim light. A few that had not been destroyed allowed me to see their manner of fixture to the ground. This was indeed odd. Wherever the slightest crevice offered an anchorage there was a prism built, of a size to fit firmly into the crack; and then to this key prism were fastened twenty or

thirty other prisms, fitted together with the nicety of a mosaic or the cells of a honeycomb. In some instances, where the key prism chanced to be near the edge of a cliff, the rest dangled flexibly over in mid air.

We skirted low and noticed the damage that had been done; and, as we swept far and wide over the vast gulfs and ruin-strewn heights, we became more and more uneasy, for nowhere could we find a trace of the supposedly returned atom people.

In what seemed eons they did not come, and Mirsela and I were the only living creatures on an otherwise dead world. We did not expect them now; they probably never would come and the mystery of their disappearance would forever remain unsolved. Certainly they had perished, through some nameless means, out in the unexplored regions of space.

A strange sickness now possessed Mirsela—the sickness of profound grief.

For some reason then unknown to me she insisted at this time that we leave the two prism dwellings in which we had been staying and take to the very bowels of the atom world, down a narrow chasm miles deep, to a large cave on the floor.

On entering this cave I was surprised to find a great bell of pure iron, perhaps sixty feet high and thirty in diameter, within. It was not suspended but was built upon a special foundation from which it was insulated. There was, of course, the usual clapper or hammer, a long, narrow affair almost wire-like and with a mighty knob at the bottom. Around the bottom of the bell ran a wide ledge with this inscription—Gargos degula. This was in the language of the spirit people who, though speaking every tongue of the earth, had a language of their own, consisting only of verbs and nouns and so comprehensive that the change of a letter in one word gave an entirely different line of thought.

"This," began Mirsela in a solemn voice,

"is called The Bell of the Dead. It was erected ages ago—back in the dim beginnings of our world. You see the inscription there? For long have I been mute; now let me mourn the passing of an illustrious race from this world to another.

"You see, we realize that every people—every nation—has a rise and a decline. We were then in the ascendant but we foresaw the time when we would have dwindled until perhaps only a score should remain. And then we visioned that score dwindling by not being able to adapt themselves to some new demand of nature until but one should remain. Although we little expected it to occur so swiftly as it has occurred, that time has come. I am the last of my race, and I am dying fast."

"Now you can estimate what a tradition is invested in me as the sole survivor of an entire world. That bell is to us just as solemn a sacrament as any you have in your churches on Earth. My last duty before death is to release that clapper which will swing thenceforth forever and sound a dirge for my people and me until the end of time."

I opened my mouth to speak but Mirsela had vanished, and the clapper was swinging on its first arc. It struck, not sharp and shrill, but deep—a continuous hum rather than a peal.

And then, slowly I lost consciousness. First perception of form; then color. Next temperature. *The exact reverse of the symptoms in the vault!*

I came to with a start to find myself in the operator's straps of the atom microscope, staring stupidly at the screen below on which was the image of a *dull red atom!*

Above the shrill scream of the lenses I could hear a deep hum, a strangely familiar sound. It seemed to proceed from the electromagnet. Hardly realizing what I did, I clambered out of the straps and staggered down to the specimen stage. Yes, it came from the electromagnet—the hum from the Bell of the Dead!

Passing of the Builder of the Panama Canal

Continued from page 251

ama Canal when it required action and results to suit the Rooseveltian order of the day. At Gatun, we saw a crane lazily swinging overhead and he commented:

"There it is—balancing in the air like a damn balloon, when it should move on!" It was speeding like an aeroplane soon after.

One locomotive engineer complained to him that he was hauling twenty-eight cars, while others were only hauling twenty-one. Colonel Goethals replied:

"All right, we will make them all haul twenty-eight! Jack, you are a pace-maker. Go to it!"

It was a time of "getting up in the morning." Long, lingering twilights or rosy dawns are not known in the tropics. The sun is either up or down, and the Colonel believed that the son of man should keep the pace in building the canal.

General Goethals tells the story on himself of how he learned his lesson. The Chief of Staff called him on the phone one

morning at eleven o'clock and he was not in. He received the message in the afternoon and reported to the Chief at four o'clock.

"Where were you at eleven this morning when I called?"

In true military fashion, he made an accurate report, "I was out playing golf."

"Is that so? Well, we'll see that you have some real work to do from 11 a.m. on hereafter."

The incident opened a "busy season" in Colonel Goethals' office.

I saw him several times during the trying days of completing the Gatun locks in Panama. Despite almost overwhelming handicaps he never admitted a defeat of the plan or purpose with which he took up the work, and his calculations as to result seldom went awry. It seemed as if he should have rested in Arlington along with the other heroes of the army and navy, but his wish was to rest 'mid the scenes which inspired his ambitions as a young

soldier. The man who separated two continents in one of the greatest engineering triumphs of his age and brought about the nuptials celebrating the wedding of the two great oceans, closed his earthly career in the modest manner and method of real greatness. His grave is near the mounds of Gen. Winfield Scott, Gen. Daniel Butterfield and Gen. George B. Custer.

The beat of muffled drums and the slow measures of the funeral dirge sounded as the full corps of cadets was drawn up after the simple services in the post chapel.

A squad of cadets from B Company—the company Gen. Goethals commanded when he was a cadet—fired a volley as the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the shots echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding hills.

Then—the plaintive notes of "taps" from a cadet bugler and the academy had given its final honors to one of its most distinguished sons.

Winning the Radio Program Prizes

*Letters received from NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers declaring for their favorite Radio Program—
Opinions expressed by the twelve radio fans whom the judges decided
were entitled to the awards*

CURIOS how we come to take the Radio as a matter of fact with all its marvellous broadcasting of world-wide information and entertainment. From the time that Bagley in the Metropolitan Tower sounds his bugle and begins his morning exercises with a cheery chat, on to the last "signing off" of the big programs and lingering around for later jazz, the most lonely corner on earth is enlivened with a real sociability. A man is a gregarious animal and loves company, even if that company is a black box with a couple of dials that chimes in and does the talking when you want it to talk and ceases when you want quietude for reflection.

Sometimes I wonder if the radio manufacturers, distributors and dealers know what it is all about. In some directions it has been a tremendously profitable business, indicating a sort of an oil-well rush towards equipping the home with a radio as a present-day necessity. On the other hand, millions of dollars have been lost in experimentation and building up a market for a radio or a loud speaker which overnight may become obsolete and a back number. The original crystal set is about the only thing that has not been affected in the whirlpool of radio production. It has been a boon for batteries of every description, starting with A, B, C, and may sooner or later include every letter in the alphabet. Now comes plugging in on the electric wire socket, and with eliminators, make the electric current do the work of the group of batteries that sociably cluster around the radio. Loudspeakers have evolved from the bell horn to the cone, and they are now subtly located in lamps, candles and in many mysterious places.

The response to the offer made by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE of prizes to those giving us the best account of their favorite radio program has been most gratifying and illuminating. It must be confessed however, that people are loath to take the time to express themselves on favorites when the radio expresses so much for themselves, for the radio has been called something of a predigested mental and entertaining breakfast food.

New programs are being added thick and fast, but all seem to have a similarity that makes it necessary for the announcer to "stand by" and clearly indicate just what program is on the ether. The responses received indicate that there are so many of the programs appreciated for various and particular reasons that it is difficult for them to declare unreservedly for one program as their favorite. As one young

lady wrote in: "Just after I had completed my description of the Atwater Kent Hour as my favorite along comes another that I think I like better, because it is newer and did not seem to be quite so highbrow and select, "for I had come to feel that I ought to wear gloves and put on evening clothes at 9.16 Sunday evening." The letters indicate how some announcers and programs are popular just because they like the voice and the way it is presented, and on the other hand others dislike the same voice. There are certain voices that impel people to "tune out." The high sopranos have a hard time of it, also the gurgling tenors and the gasping jazz singers who identify a word now and then in a suggestion of a love song.

The popularity of Radio is not likely to wane, for it has already become as essential in the household as a telephone. The best minds and artistic genius of the times is being enlisted by the National Broadcasting Company and other organizations to make Radio a permanent and enduring phase of everyday life. It has brought the world closer together and even General Lord can explain his budget of three billion dollars and the various items down to the last figure or "no cents," as he facetiously remarked and the audience in Washington caught the joke. The unsatisfactory phase of broadcasting is the lack of response from an audience face to face with the speaker, because the personality or presence is eliminated. That is why brass band and other impersonal music and ensembles are so largely used. Will Rogers told me in Cuba that his radio work was the most unsatisfactory of all, because there was no direct or immediate backfire, which came with speaking or even throwing the rope, writing, sending telegrams which people commented on later when they saw him, or even in the motion picture. In Radio one can just say as has been repeated to Dr. Cadman and other radio favorites over and over a million times: "I do enjoy your work over the radio," but they seldom pick out a thought, an idea or an expression which is associated usually with a gesture or a look.

When it comes to market reports, lost and found and news bulletins, to say nothing of household recipes and beauty talks, the utilitarian phases of radio have only begun. What's the use of having a grandfather's clock in the house now, when you can get the correct time three or four times a day and hear the clock in the Metropolitan Tower striking the magic hour of "eight o'clock in the morning."

The following are the responses from those who have been awarded prizes as an-

nounced in our October issue, and we hope those who have participated and have not won prizes will understand that the judges had a difficult problem before them, as there were so many that averaged on a high percentage basis.

Radio Contest Editor,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

My favorite program is the Goodrich Tire Hour. I suppose that is because I was first charmed with the Silver-Masked Tenor. It had a bit of mystery about it, but that only enhanced my enjoyment of his wonderful songs. It was one of the first real programs and it seems to me that the others have simply followed in the same lines. You can put me down for the Goodrich. CORWIN LEWIS, Jacksonville, Fla.

Down in Miami a Prize Radio Program is that of Major Bowes of the Capitol Theatre, New York. His voice comes like a kindly greeting and he always seems to have a program that interests. Now I have the Capitol Theatre on my list as one of the first sights in New York that I want to see, and I can picture Major Bowes sitting there with his "family" of artists, radiating smiles and sunshine under the dome of that Capitol in New York.

Yes, count me for the Capitol Family every time. It comes in strong and always seems to bring a refreshing sense of having mingled with real personalities in New York.

ESTHER HOUK,
Miami, Fla.

My favorite Radio Program is the Atwater Kent Hour Sunday night.

For over ten years I have been bedridden and the one great joy of my life has been my radio. While I feel as if I owe a debt of gratitude to everyone who is sending out a program, and especially the National Broadcasting Co., I must say my favorite is the Atwater Kent Hour.

To hear the glorious voices of the opera stars, to feel that you are hearing the refrain of the piano on which Chopin played, the choruses from the Prince of Pilsen and that last song in which the prima donna leads, always carries a benediction to one who has had many lonely hours. Listening to the voices of thousands that I shall never see, I yet feel acquainted with the personalities that come to me in the charmed visits of Radio programs.

I read an article in your magazine about Mr. Aylesworth and he certainly ought to have a vote of thanks from all the shut-ins who have been so helped through his big hearted and broad minded policies that carry to all of us the best that can be secured.

MRS. EMMA ELDRIDGE,
Chatham, Mass.

One program I never miss is Dr. Cadman. It was one of the first to attract my attention on the Radio. As a preacher I naturally like to hear good preachers.

The Vesper Services and Dr. Poling's talk at the Young People's Conference are exercising a widespread influence for good.

If the aggregate results of Radio are as beneficial as I believe they are to the people on the Lord's Day, it is a most worthy institution. Let us hope that the other six days

will measure up as well in giving people something to think about and something inspirational, as well as mere entertainment.

Let me vote for Dr. Poling and Dr. Cadman and the Interdenominational Radio Service conducted by the Greater New York Confederation of Churches and presented by the National Broadcasting Co.

This day also includes the Symphony Orchestra from the Capitol Theatre and the sermons of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick make a fitting end of a perfect radio day.

REV. FRED KULLMAR,
Kensington, Md.

(1) My favorite radio program is one that will help me to realize more clearly the eternal verities of life and arouse my sympathy and love for humanity.

A program that includes talks like those given by S. Parkes Cadman and others. Folk songs with a human sympathetic touch. Patriotic band music and all songs that stress the love of home and the sacredness of home ties. One that is uplifting, inspirational and educational.

(2) Human life is made up of lights and shadows. It is one d—d thing after another or it is one blessed thing after another according to our point of view and our philosophy of life.

James Whitcomb Riley said, "If God sends rain, why rain's my choice." It is this spirit of adaptability to all the conditions of life that enables us to reach that psychological and spiritual relationship with God where we can pray without ceasing and when, "Clouds and darkness are round about us and our pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." When we see no pathway for our feet, we can conscientiously and thoughtfully say, "Thy will be done."

A thoughtful conscientious prayer means much but, "Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

True religion teaches us to live our lives philosophically and happily.

The Man of Galilee taught right living with happiness as its natural result.

Go out to Hoop-pole township, Posey county, Indiana, find the most obscure citizen in that township and say to him, "My heart it keeps a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock," and stop there, the chances are that this native of Indiana would pick up the quotation and say, "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is in the shock." The reason that this citizen of Hoop-pole township could complete the quotation is because every native of Indiana loves James Whitcomb Riley. We love Riley because he had a big sympathetic heart and the ability to strike a corresponding cord in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

"Oh the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall, with its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.

An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say, when a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

The program that develops and stresses the above points is the one for me.

D. J. Coy,
Box 274,
Noroton Heights, Conn.

My favorite topics over the radio are the football games played by the big colleges in New York, Boston, New Haven, Princeton, in fact all the places where there are colleges this game is played. And they are broadcast by radio stations from all over the United States. I like this game because it thrills the boy and girl and even the grown up who is not a football fan. It delights the boy, youth, and man. It is a pleasant way of going to a big game when one can not afford to spend the money in the trip to and from the place where the game is to be held. The game is encouraging to the boy to go into athletics. It makes a boy healthy, strong and full of vigor. The radio teaches the boy the principles of the game. It teaches him what college spirit is by the bands and the cheering crowds. It makes him feel as though he

wanted to accomplish something worth while. His heart beats high with joy when he hears the announcer yell over the cheering crowds that his team had made a touchdown. Every

When I was ready to send in my letter to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE saying that the Atwater Kent Hour was my favorite, I made inquiries of a number of friends and their invariable response was "Atwater Kent Hour." Now whether this is due to the fact that it was the first well-established hour on the Radio, or because of the tremendous way in which it was advertised or exploited, I do not know. For myself, I found it seemed to fulfil just what was expected of a Radio Hour. First, there was the appearance of eminent artists, some I liked, and some I did not, but they had all been tested while in the making of their career. The programs are varied and yet never waver from a fixed standard of excellence. They seem to carry an atmosphere that is distinctive and come into your home without a sense of blatant intrusion. The original Chopin piano heard over the radio made me think of my sister's struggles on the piano, the grand opera artists brought visions of the brilliant Horseshoe Circle, which many of us do not often look upon. The opera singers, including Louise Homer and her daughter, as well as Anna Case, and many others, joined in singing the old hymns, which made me feel like standing up and joining in; for it isn't often that you can be in a Sunday evening congregation and have a grand opera star lead in the music. Some people tell me that it is too highbrowed and yet they'll all mention "Atwater Kent" as a sort of standard of excellence, which makes me feel that my choice is more or less the choice of the average fan, especially when you take a census of all of the family. It comes at a time when we are in a Sunday evening mood, the old-fashioned courting hour when everyone has a sort of a soothing feeling that impresses little brother and his mischievous pranks when the call is made "It's time to go to bed."

CHAUNCEY PETERS,
135 E. 30th St.,
New York, N. Y.

You may be able to guess my age when I name the Fireside Hour of the Sylvanians as my favorite, and I do enjoy the music from the Rose Room of the Waldorf. It is a real joy and touches the mystic chords of memory with music. I think they must have worn out your Heart Songs book. KATE D. GHENT,
Dothan, Ala.

FIRST PRIZE
CHAUNCEY PETERS,
135 E. 30th St.,
New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE
MRS. EMMA ELDREDGE,
Chatham, Mass.

TEN PRIZES OF \$3.00 EACH
D. J. Coy, Noroton Heights, Conn.
Fred Lawton, Plainfield, N. J.
Rev. Fred Kullmar, Kensington, Md.
E. E. Fessenden, Kingston, N. Y.
Miss Esther Houk, Miami, Florida
Corwin Lewis, Jacksonville, Fla.
Sergio Gomez, Havana, Cuba
Imogene White, Winthrop, Mass.
Kate D. Ghent, Dothan, Ala.
Emmet C. Weber, Brookline, Mass.

boy, whether he has spirit in him or not, loves the enjoyable hour of listening in over the radio to one of the big games. It is like an exciting story to him and does him more good than any fairy story ever did him one. Yesterday I was over to a friend's house. A small, seven-year-old boy was listening in to a foot-

ball game. His bright eager face shone radiantly with joy. When the team he was standing up for finally made a touchdown he was in an ecstasy of delight and joy. He rushed in saying the fullback had run sixty yards for a touchdown. This is one proof of the fact that a boy no matter how small, loves to hear the football game over the radio. It makes him take some interest in the radio. He will sit any length of time by the radio listening in to the football game and will hardly sit five minutes listening to an orchestra. I know many young men who cannot go to the game and gladly listen in to the game over the radio. I listen in to most every big game and spend one of the most enjoyable hours I can spend, having the announcer give the plays, gains, losses, and touchdowns. If anything is so thrilling as hearing Princeton hold Yale for four downs on Princeton's own three-yard line, I would be very much obliged if you would tell me. Women will often listen to the game and get the real thrill. My sister would listen to most every game broadcast. It is my opinion that those having a radio will spend a glorious hour if they listen in to the football games.

FRED LAWTON,
1215 Prospect Ave.,
Plainfield, N. J.

I have listened-in three years and have enjoyed immensely the broadcasting of so many beautiful things from the stations WEF of New York and WEEI of Boston. Also I enjoy hearing the announcers, Graham McNamee, Philip Carlin, and the Goodrich Silvertown with their Irish Silver Masked Tenor and his ballads; the Gold Dust Twins, Dusty's rendering of "Brown Bird Singing," the best of all who sang it and many have sung it. Then the wonderful opera, light opera from WEEI, the "Gondoliers," who are especially well, the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Sager's, also the Knickerbockers, the wonderful concerts of Roxy, especially his drollery—all the Columbia concerts by WEAN, symphonies, Walter Damrosch concerts, all classic—above all, his rendition of Walthers Prize Song and his lectures on Wagner's Niebelungen, the New York Philharmonic concerts, Boston Symphony concerts, though the music to me is simply jargon. Best of all, the broadcasting of Dr. Cadman's addresses, the wonderful sermons of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Rev. Butterick are all a treasure hour. The morning Y. M. C. A. each week has a good reverend speaker who sets up for the day's work. The privilege of listening in to the celebrated preachers of all denominations from King's Chapel, the fine services from St. Paul's and also the excellent addresses of Rabbi Levi. I have heard fine Christmas services from New York as well as from Boston and fine speakers on topics of the day keep us posted. Our great President's words are so sensible, such great advice, and above all his never closing an address without reference to the Divine Father of us all.

Yes, the radio has been a great blessing to me. I can never give way to the blues for I can always get some comfort from the good stuff broadcast to me, as if it was to me alone. Then we have splendid opportunities to learn about natural history and the popular topics of the day, and how to buy with discretion. We have many chances to learn what's what and then, too, the E. E. Clive dramatic entertainments, how and where to travel, and also the opportunity to hear the speaking of the Prince of Wales and Colonel Lindbergh's youthful voice. Yes: Radio has been most wonderful to and for me. IMOGENE WHITE,
Winthrop, Mass.

As a family man who is greatly interested in Radio, I must say that an evening without just a bit of jazz seems like a dull evening, but one program that has claimed my attention for some time is the Maxwell House Coffee Hour. The music always seems so well chosen and there seems to be an air of sociability about that Maxwell House Hour that is good to the last minute. Somehow I fancy I can smell coffee every time I tune in and hear the Colonel announce the Maxwell House Hour.

E. E. FESSENDEN,
Kingston, N. Y.

"In and Out of the White House"

*Impressions gathered at various visits at the White House by one of America's popular authors—
Incidents recorded covering several administrations by the wife
of a former Ambassador*

By ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

THE end of January 1922 brought the closing sessions of the Disarmament Conference and the signing of the treaties to which Mr. Hughes had kindly sent us tickets to witness the ceremony. The discussions had lasted sixty days and eight new treaties had been agreed upon, including naval limitation, submarine and poison gas, Chinese tariff, and an elucidation of the rights of both China and Japan, all of which had been conducted with an openness and candor hitherto unrealized. There were present Arthur Balfour, Briand, Viviani, Wellington Koo and Minister Sze, Baron Shidehara, and representatives from Belgium, Italy, Portugal and the Netherlands. Nine nations participated.

L. and I witnessed the final roll call and very impressive it was. The delegates marched up in alphabetical order to sign their names to the ribbons and red-sealed documents. Hughes, Lodge, Root and Underwood were the first signatories. Then came the two Belgians. Seven men from Great Britain, headed by Balfour, represented Canada, India, Australia and New Zealand. The three Chinese were greeted by cheers and so were the French officials, and the Japanese, led by Admiral Kato. The other nationalities concluded, while the powder of flashlight photographers sputtered and motion picture cameras clicked steadily, like machine guns in action.

Then beneath the nine fluttering flags President Harding made his address. Benediction was offered, and Secretary Hughes closed the meeting with the significant words: "The Conference is adjourned *sine die*."

Afterwards, the French Commissioner, M. Sarraut, came to us for luncheon and made a most wonderful speech about America and France, at the same time pinning the Croix de Guerre and the Commemorative Medal on my dress.

Mrs. Harding proved to be a force with real brains and true political acumen until she became ill with the strain of being First Lady of the Land. On February seventh I was received by her at the White House. The tall darkies in livery, who were first installed by Mrs. Taft, opened the door. Then a blond officer with much gold braid escorted me across the hall, saying, "I think I will put you in the Green Room." In good American fashion I inquired if "she" would indicate when the interview was over. The officer answered, "she" would—that an aide would appear in the door and she would rise. After the officer had pulled out a comfortable chair

and reassured me, saying, "I won't forget you: just make yourself at home," I thanked him and found myself alone.

I looked about the Green Room and discovered I had been seated under a large picture of Lincoln, with branches of red oak leaves about it. On the green walls hung portraits of other presidents, while masses of lovely roses stood in rather unattractive vases on the tables. Whispering was going on in the hall. Suddenly the aide reappeared, taking me into the Blue Room with the remark, "Your turn comes next."

Here, I was seated on a sofa opposite several other callers. Up got a lady who proved to be Mrs. Bayard, once "Ambassador" to England, and we conversed for several minutes. L. had been secretary at the Embassy under Mr. Bayard, who was the first representative from the United States to Great Britain to hold the diplomatic rank of Ambassador. He was considered very handsome and noted for his unflinching courtesy and smooth deliberate eloquence. Many Americans thought him too partial to English ways—for this was the decade of the nineties when the word *Anglomaniac* was a favorite term of accusation.

* * *

By this time another aide arrived, who escorted me into the Red Room where Mrs. Harding received me. She was looking very well indeed, in a charming black velvet gown with a little gold. We had a most interesting conversation about the Disarmament Conference, and when the aide appeared about ten minutes later, she said to him, "In a few minutes." So we chatted for some little while longer. Then she rose and shook hands, and I left.

Soon after this, the Speaker of the House, Mr. Gillett, very kindly asked us to a dinner given in honor of President Harding at the Country Club. It was a dinner of about fifty at a round table, the center of which was made into a sunken Italian garden—very lovely.

I sat next to Mr. Daugherty, at that time Attorney General. We got on all right and I laughed heartily at some of his lively stories. He comes from Ohio and is, I was told, a rather keen politician. Later, as we know, he got into trouble and was finally, after a second trial and a very prolonged jury session, acquitted. On my other side was General Pershing, with

whom I indulged in reminiscences of the World War and of the time when he was good enough to ask me to dinner at Chaumont.

After dinner the French "Ambassador" rather monopolized Mrs. Harding and some people were very angry about it. Mrs. Gillett, a perfect hostess, manipulated the situation so cleverly that before the evening was over all the strangers—and there were a good many from New York—had a chance to talk with the First Lady of the Land. When the President came back with the men, he and she made the tour of the room and spoke to everyone in a most charming way. It was done beautifully.

Soon after this Mrs. Harding very kindly asked us to dinner at the White House, where a circle was formed in the big yellow East Room, and she and the President went the rounds, after which, two by two, we marched into the dining-room. I drew Admiral Rogers, who seemed quite a breezy sea dog, and who talked to me of foreign lands and of my father, who had been in the Navy. On my other side I had Judge Paine, head of the Red Cross, with whom I also had much in common to talk about. After the dinner there was excellent music, and for me, pleasant converse with a German-American Jew, who had sat in Congress many years and been an especially loyal citizen during the war. Again President and Mrs. Harding stood up in the hall, and we all said goodbye.

President Harding had a very handsome head, like that of an old Roman. He was kindly and generous, and had more real friends, perhaps, than any other president. In his prosperity he was loyal to those who had known him before his prestige reached its height. It is said that he was too kind, and for that reason lacked the strength which he might otherwise have had, but that statement is hardly fair, for his term was cut short by illness and death. There was, naturally, an aftermath of criticisms, just as there always is after any administration, but he is not here to answer back or defend himself. He overestimated his own strength, and was moved by a desire to know thoroughly the country over which he presided when he started the following summer on his ill-fated trip across the United States and up into Alaska. That entire journey was marked by a too generous response to the demands made on his strength throughout his waking and sleeping hours, and the strain brought about his death.

Within a few months after Harding's inauguration he was showing the effects

* Advance chapters from the new book of this title by Mrs. Larz Anderson.

of the heavy burden of administration. He had already begun to see that his task was a Herculean one and that he should have to begin to deny himself somewhat to callers. Evidently he liked his staff, and gave Hughes a full meed of praise for his note on Russia. He was also thoroughly appreciative of Weeks. Hoover he seemed to value warmly, and said the public had guessed far afield regarding Hoover's willingness to do team work, for no member of his Cabinet was more responsive or more genuinely in harmony with his program.

Our dinner for Marshal Joffre and his staff that winter went off pleasantly—a dinner of thirty. For aides he had a Blue Devil with a glass eye, and another officer—very attractive; both were covered with medals. Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, whose husband had been Minister to Belgium, came, and among others, Baroness de Cartier, the Belgian Ambassadors, and Mr. Hill, the great railroad man. Old Joffre seemed a genial soul. Major Grant, grandson of the great General, served as one of his aides.

I had talked with Madame Joffre and her daughter the evening before at the White House. The mother speaks English, and her daughter, by her first husband, had a different name, but nevertheless everybody called her Mademoiselle Joffre, to the amusement of those that knew.

Endless committee meetings took place at the house, for I was chairman of the group who were to provide the entertainment to be given by the Penwomen's League. The occasion included Itow, the Japanese dancer, who gave his original fox dance; a Swedish actress, who recited a most dramatic scene from "Salome," and some good music by members of the Spanish and Polish legations. We worked like Trojans, but made only a few hundred dollars.

The occasion—it was the Silver Jubilee Convention of the Penwomen, and also included a Book Fair—went on for several days at Wardman Park Hotel. The most important event was the breakfast, to attend which Basil King and his wife came down from Boston. They sat at my table. He made a speech, referring humorously in his English way to the manner in which women were running everything nowadays, and he did not entirely approve. He said that women needed the men, and men the women to run anything really well, and so they should work together. Mrs. Keyes, acting President, had invited some of the political lights—Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Hughes, and others. Senator Lodge spoke, and so did John Farrar, the youthful editor of *The Bookman*, and Mrs. Geldert, who writes most charming poetry, and who became the next Penwomen President.

This organization came into existence in 1897. Seventeen writers, artists and illustrators became its charter members

and incorporators. Service and helpfulness were the foundation stones on which the League was built. The first of the twenty-three presidents, which the club has had to date, was Margaret Sullivan Burke, author, editor and suffragist. The insignia of the club were designed by Alice Morgan—the Bird of Pallas within a triangle, composed of the tools of the crafts; the whole enameled in the national colors, significant of loyalty and patriotism. The motto adopted was from Dumas's "Three Musketeers," and runs: "One for all and all for one."

Mrs. Pearson was President when I joined, and Mrs. DuPuy succeeded her—a good speaker and organizer. Mrs. Geldert followed as the next President, and introduced the annual Authors' Breakfasts—which have become one of the most delightful features of the spring convention—and the custom of conducting book-sales. Mrs. Colman was next in line—an author—charming, tactful and clever. The organization has grown and thrived.

* * *

Finally, Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton of New York—as well known as her distinguished husband—was chosen President. She is the author of several books on travel—a lecturer, an explorer, and the fortunate possessor of a delightful personality.

The District Branch of the Pen Women, being on the spot, plays a prominent part in the affairs of the society. They run the club house, have book reviews, luncheons, lectures by prominent people, musicals and art exhibits.

Under Mrs. Locher's presidency, the practice of the crafts of short story writing, poetry and plays was started, and prizes awarded in contests limited to our members. Mrs. Locher had long been been manager of a motion picture house; she made a delightful presiding officer. Mrs. Mulliken followed her, and administered the financial end with much skill and cleverness, for the club house has always been a rather difficult proposition to handle.

There were other Presidents, each of whom did well in her own way, but I mention these ladies because I have been especially connected with them.

Before the convention was over, we had a dinner for Basil King and some other literary lights. Mr. King, at that time President of the Authors Club in Boston, had been good enough to write an introduction to my novel, "Polly the Pagan."

The Overseas League meeting, of which I was chairman, met at the Central High School, and was a success, I think, and had a good program. Mrs. Chew, national president and founder, presided, with Miss Lambie, President of the District. Mrs. Chew stayed with us at the time, and proved a delightful guest. At the election, Miss Wells of St. Paul became President.

Our principal speaker, M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, was very sympathetic in discussing the relations of France and America, and most appreciative of what the women did in the war. Sir Auckland Geddes, who had once been a medical expert at McGill University in Canada, took the hospital aspects; a Belgian Countess spoke extremely well about her country, and General Pershing about the war. Mabel Boardman talked well on the Red Cross work. Dorothy Donnelly, an actress who organized the soldiers' entertainments in the war huts, told about that end, and Congressman Graham stated that he hoped the League would be given a national charter. A motion to this effect did pass the House later. Altogether, it was very interesting, for endless dinners and meetings took place, and overseas women from all parts of the country gathered together to talk of old times.

The last thing in the spring for me was the chairmanship of a group which took part in "The Cross Triumphant"—a religious pageant written by Mrs. Marietta Minnegerode Andrews, which showed the history of the Episcopal Church from its earliest days down to the present time. There were a thousand people in the production, which was directed by Marie Moore Forrest. Two performances were given, one at night and the other in the afternoon, on an open air stage in a beautiful spot in the cathedral grounds, the big trees making a fine background for the scenes. The evening performance was especially impressive, and the last scene very effective, for a lighted cross stood on top of a ledge, and below it, surrounded by angels, were the Madonna and Child, while all the other actors came thronging on to take their places. At the end of a hymn they all knelt and sang the Doxology.

The episode which I managed had twenty-five actors, most of whom persisted in straying like lost sheep the greater part of the time, and my greatest energies were exhausted in continually hunting up an army officer in costume who was always slipping away to seek the company of a certain angel. Behind the scenes, in the woods, it was rather a shock to see the angels smoking.

The episode portrayed the giving of the prayer-book to the people by Archbishop Cranmer. Looking up his biography, we found to our amusement that he was rather a gay old bird. His part was excellently played by Mr. Luquer, dressed in a black gown with white bishop's sleeves and a small, flat, black velvet cap. Colonel Shinkle in his Sir Walter Raleigh costume made an excellent courtier, and Mrs. Joyce in cap and tight fitting bodice, a very good lady of the court. The peasants in the group were in colored costumes of full short skirts and bodices.

So ended our Washington season, and we returned to "Weld."

Washington—Lincoln Birthday Landmarks

Celebration of the day of the birth of the illustrious Americans becoming more universal despite the attacks of pseudo historians who are unmindful of the old and deepseated human impulse to "set the watch—let not tradition fail"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IN every cycle towering figures appear, who arise irrespective of adverse conditions, perceive the genius of their race, and become its wise men, sages, prophets, priests and leaders. Their power may deal primarily with the material interests of a people, but it goes deeper than that—it is seated in the very soul-emotions of their fellow-men, so that their memory evokes a devotion that is akin to worship. Such were the "Six Wise Men of Greece"; Moses, the Hebrew emancipator; Zoroaster, the fire-worshipper of Persia; Mohammed, the camel-driver of Arabia; Buddha, the great teacher of Asia; Merlin and other unnamed Druids of ancient Wales; Confucius of China; and others less known to fame, who expressed the soul of their people, and the irrepressible longing of a humanity that all but touched divinity.

Such a man, in the supremest sense, was Abraham Lincoln, born of the strenuous pioneers, whose forces had nearly spent themselves in settling Kentucky and Indiana, and whose descendants followed when the frontier line was far flung on the prairies of Illinois. From a mere lad, burdened with cares and sorrows, he ever stood face to face with people. Lincoln never turned his back on any person or problem. Thousands like him had led the half-savage life, schoolless, apparently doomed to a lifetime of sordid labor and tardy development, but this lad caught the vision through the smoky glow of the pine knot, in the pages of the Bible, which he read and re-read, until its teachings became a part of his very life.

The fame of the immortal Shakespeare reveals like source of greatness, for all through the writings of the immortal Bard of Avon we find phrases and words adapted from the Bible, the eternal textbook of greatness and the great.

Lincoln lived so close to the soil in its virgin state that his human soul itself partook of the deep and enduring mysteries of Nature primeval. He believed in the simple ideals of right and wrong, of mercy and justice. He saw more clearly than the brilliant Seward "that irrepressible conflict" between free men and slaves, and yet he never lost his poise, or ever retraced his steps, when he made a movement forward. Analyzing the careers of American statesmen, none seem to have made so few mistakes, none so unerringly and mercifully wise in dealing with fellow-men.

Although almost every word of Abraham Lincoln's public life has been re-

corded, either by writer or hearsay, not one syllable breathes an echo of resentment or revenge. Amid the torrents of abuse, he never retaliated. If Abraham Lincoln had lived, Jefferson Davis never would have been captured and humiliated. This was indicated that evening when Lincoln was serenaded at the White House, celebrating the surrender of Lee, when the entire absence of bitterness was the keynote of his last spoken public words.

Lincoln and Davis were born in Kentucky within one year of each other, in homes not far apart. One the product of the log cabin. Davis of gentler birth, shared none of Lincoln's struggles in early life. With temperaments antipodal, their lives culminated in parallel duties in a titanic struggle. Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy less than a month before Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office. A fortnight after Lincoln's assassination, the public career of Jefferson Davis ended with his capture. Each seemed to possess a peculiar fitness for the responsibility before him, and neither the North nor the South could have had leaders better fitted to present the issues settled by the Civil War, than the two Kentucky lads, the pro-antagonisms of that fratricidal struggle.

When Abraham Lincoln bade a tender farewell to the old friends and neighbors with foreboding, he went to Washington without a policy. The other leaders had well-defined plans; he approached his great work with an open mind, impartial and fair, with a prayer on his lips for guidance. He took up his responsibilities with wisdom and pursued his duties with justice; for today, after all these years of search and investigation, we can scarcely find a record of an injustice of the slightest and most trifling nature charged to Abraham Lincoln. At the close of his career, the crowning halo of mercy irradiated his last acts, when he again proved his friendly feeling for the South, ordering General Wertzell to give protection to the Virginia State Government and Legislature if it assembled, and to General Sherman to authorize Governor Vance of North Carolina to resume his duties with an assurance of recognition. Even amid the exhilaration following the victory at Appomattox, with a host of men at the North crying out for revenge even to the shedding of blood, Lincoln's hands were upraised in that mercy which soon bridged the bloody chasm between victor and vanquished.

We might paraphrase the lines of Edwin Markham to fit the trinity of ideals:

The Wisdom of the light that shines for all!
The Justice of the rain that falls on all!
The Mercy of the snow that hides all scars,
He built the rail-pile as he built the state,
The conscience in him testing every stroke,
To make his deed, the measure of a man.

Over a thousand books have been written about Abraham Lincoln, and the end is not yet, because the subject only increases in interest each year. There is not a poet, or a speaker or a writer, or a thinker, who does not long to give expression to the feeling within him concerning the towering genius of Lincoln.

What a privilege it was of mine a few years ago to grasp the hand of the late Robert Tod, the last surviving son of Abraham Lincoln and to realize that this was the very flesh, the very blood of Abraham Lincoln. That this head, now grown gray, was once adorned with the boyish curls that Lincoln patted, that those hands he had once clasped lovingly, lost in his own great grip. Abraham Lincoln also upheld the hands of a nation. He led his people through the bloody canyons of war, to the green pastures of peace and amity and unity.

No other name could have been given him that so fitted his illustrious career? Abraham! With it we have the vision of the patriarch of old. Abraham! A name appropriate to the great work for which he was consecrated. Abraham! Father of the Multitude! A name that carried with it all the dignity of the ages, and yet bandied about by the little group on the corner, when he was called just Abe—"honest Abe." Perhaps the flickering lantern rays of Diogenes would have found the long-sought honest men around the corner in that crude cabin in Indiana, or the store at New Salem. This quest would have been halted before the figure of the man who was known to everyone as "honest Abe."

All the music of the masters comes from the eight notes of the octave. There may be a chromatic ripple or subtle undertone between the notes; there may be resounding chords and noble phrasing, but all must be compressed within the scope of the octave. The master composer, in arranging a sequence of notes, creates an immortal symphony, or a song that will never die. In the "music of historic calm," Abraham Lincoln, with the simple octave of life—the gamut of human emotions, seemed to play upon them in proper sequence, and never was there a discord in the wonderful harmonies born of his character and career.

"Four score years and seven have passed." Read again those immortal lines at Gettysburg. Read again the classic phrases of his addresses, and in them find the music of ideals and words, so blended that they cling

to our hearts with the tenacity of the old songs. The favorite melodies of today may be forgotten, but Lincoln's words will live on and on forever.

With the black pall of war covering two-thirds of the lands of the earth today may we not stop for a moment and repeat the words of Lincoln's prayer? "Fondly do we hope, reverently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away." Was poetic line ever written with more of the majesty of an eternal prayer?

The individuality of Lincoln, eternal and unchangeable, rings true with his personality. Personality is the impersonation of individuality, and Abraham Lincoln's character always rang true with his reputation, whatever notes were struck, and the harmony of his career grows richer and more melodious with each recurring birthday.

* * *

Lincoln's mind never scattered, it focused on the yea or nay without circumlocution or rattling rhetoric, and his brain worked in the direction he aimed his thought.

Veterans of the Civil War often tell of the time when "Uncle Abe" came down the line reviewing the troops, and of how their hearts seemed to beat with sympathy and silent affection for the man whose sad and melancholy eyes looked into theirs with a glow of tenderness and sympathy. The pomp and splendor of war was absent—it was the touch of Nature that made them kin. His heart went out to the wounded and dying on the field. His sympathy poured out to grieving mothers, wives and sisters at home. His great heart was broken over and over again with each throbbing moment of that great conflict. It was not the loss of one, even in the broken arc of his own hearthstone, but of the myriads that bore down upon his soul, every hour of the day, and during the sleepless nights.

In the dark days when the prospects of defeat for re-election stared him in the face, and the votes of the soldiers cast in the field went against him, he wrote a sealed letter and gave it to the cabinet, in which he pledged his unwavering devotion to the cause of the Union, should his rival be elected. This was the stamp of the man's unswerving integrity of purpose. It was Lincoln who suggested and urged a compensatory emancipation upon the slaveholding states. It was Lincoln who resisted the efforts to deprive the South of her property rights and her homes. It was Lincoln who prompted Grant at Appomattox to take "not one button or uniform" from the men who had laid down their arms, for even these ragged clothes were needed at home. Not one horse that had been ridden in the many cavalry charges was taken, for the plow-share had now supplanted the sword, and even the swords and the arms were carried back by the soldiers as mementoes of heroism. And the sons and the daughters of the South today are privileged to look upon the relics in their own homes of the gallantry of their fathers.

Even the captured flags, won after many a bloody conflict, and taken as trophies to the North, have been returned; monuments for the blue and for the gray are erected impartially, and the scars of the battlefield

obliterated. It was the mercy of Lincoln that made possible the reunion at Gettysburg, where the men who fought to destroy one another in that bloody conflict of fifty years before, mingled in comradeship and messed together in the same tents. Is there a picture like this in all history? What an object lesson it furnishes to the old civilizations of Europe living under the ideals of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, that military conquest ever conquered, without the wisdom, the justice and the mercy, as exemplified in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Over and over again we love to hear the



Photo by Brady

Abraham Lincoln

story of the life of Lincoln. We are all familiar with the incidents of his career, and some are intimately acquainted with the smallest detail of his daily routine. Almost every footprint of Lincoln has been marked. Each new biography tells essentially the same facts—but the point of view of four generations, even though phrased differently, always mirror the same ideals. In his life we see the development processes of manhood. In the crudities of his early years and triumph of his later life is revealed the great object lesson of a man in the making.

One of his earliest speeches in 1842, shows promise of the matchless broad mind of Lincoln. "On that name (of Washington)," he said "a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on." In his own words, uttered in youth, Abraham Lincoln phrased a most fitting eulogy for himself.

* * *

Fortunate indeed it was that a young Illinoisian, rosy-cheeked, with black hair and eyes, should become assistant secretary of Abraham Lincoln, for to John Hay we are indebted for a permanent record of a great

career. In the notes of this young secretary, we see Lincoln referred to affectionately as "the Tycoon" and "the Ancient." When I read his description of a visit to the theater with Lincoln, I felt like shouting in glee, for here was another glimpse of the humanness of the man. "I went last night to a Sacred Concert of profane music at Ford's," writes John Hay. "Young Kretchmar and old Kretchpar were running it. Hs. and H. both sang: and they kin if anybody kin. The 'Tycoon' (meaning Lincoln) and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the M. girls in the flies."

There are many rollicking references to "the Tycoon," and "the Ancient," which indicate that John Hay seemed to reverence the greatness of Lincoln, but never stood in awe of him, for Lincoln remained to the rosy-cheeked secretary, just a man, even in the blaze of heroic deeds.

When Lincoln assumed the leadership of the Republican Party, he resisted firmly the counsels of radical politicians, hot-heads and partisans, who would achieve success through the passions and emotions. Step by step, appealing to the heart and the reason, he accomplished results.

Lincoln glimpsed this vision of enduring ease remembering that it was written "I will set my bow in the sky," when the radiance of rainbow appeared—a symbol of Divine promise irradiating colors of seven nations at war. In that rainbow he also recognized the symbol of the promise that the bloody deluge of wars shall subside, and that across the bitter waters stained with blood would fly the dove bearing the branch of olive—a pledge of no more wars.

The birthday of Lincoln is celebrated with the white candle, emblematic of the purity of his motives, a green candle, a symbol of undying remembrance; and the golden candle, which leaves his words and life an imperishable heritage, full of the glow of the sunrise and hope for the future.

* * *

In those dark days when he arose, with prayers on his lips, he saw the gleam of the stars in our flag—the first flag in all history to have emblazoned upon it a star, carrying the emblem of the light in the east which guided the wise men in the blue dawn of Bethlehem.

In the hour glass the sands continue to run as in the days of old. How often fame seems like the hands of a clock ticking the hour! There are those whose work flutters quickly by with the second hand, others more deliberate, with the minute hand, others leisurely with the hour hand with a few measuring a day, and some the years, but Lincoln's fame lengthens into eons—aye into centuries of time.

The illuminated face of the dial—with the steady swing of the pendulum suggests an inspiration from his life to remain mindful of the necessity of winding our clock every night, realizing that no matter what may have been past failures, there is ever a hope for tomorrow's achievement that comes with the tick-tock of Time's eternal clock, while the ever-living name and fame of Abraham Lincoln grows more luminous and illustrious with the years.

Editors Surveying the Future of Miami

Continued from page 250

mer temperature and light. An old time New Yorker said that more fashions in women's attire were first introduced and popularized in Florida displays during the

This motion picture came to my mind because it scored another "beat" on some slow-going hacks known as Managing Edi-



Flowered floats moved majestically down Flagler St. during the parade in Palm Fete week, Jan. 2 to 9, in Miami. This shows the parade as it is passing First Avenue with the new First National Bank Building at the right

winter than even in all of greater New York. Even the pajama suits of the "Riviera" used for early and late morning wear indicated that there was to be nothing known in so-called fashionable life at winter resorts overlooked in Miami.

The closing scene was a wedding procession, with a beautiful bride gowned in a soft fluffy white maline gown with a lovely lace veil which formed the train. She was preceded by a dainty flower girl dressed in pink, scattering roses of the same hue, and bridesmaid's attired in toilettes of advanced mode in colors of rose, green and blue. The bride was bewitching—but what impressed me most caused serious reflection. Here was a wedding without a groom—a "companionateless" wedding, without even a best man or a page. Do you wonder that the world is now concerned as to "the man problem!" The emancipation of women is leading on relentlessly to the elimination of man. I felt like giving the signal of S. O. S. to my down-trodden sex, but what could I say after this demonstration that the real charm of beauty in life clusters about the successors of Eve, who conducted the first style show in Eden, with even less raiment than some dour cynics insist is being used in these days of the gay regime of sculptured beauty.

Under the vaulted skies with stars aloft flirting with a myriad of colored lights over the bandstand in the Bay Front Park occurred the Moon Dance. Luna was at her best. The ceremonies of dedicating the Biscayne Boulevard were followed with fireworks that brought exclamation points to blase frequenters of Coney Island. The soft beautiful sky overhead was painted livid in colors of fire, reflecting the glories of a tropical sunrise and splendors of a sunset on Bay Biscayne.

Altogether it was a busy day of social activities—one continuous round of fetes with no lack of "color or food."

"And the fifth day"—as was recorded in "Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

tors. I was again given a distinctive "assignment" not of record in the printed program. Recruited as the lone and valiant mere man present to meet four hundred ladies of the Pen Women's League at the home of the President, Mrs. Clarence Bush on Palm Island, I went bravely forth! They had been discussing "What's Wrong with the Newspapers?" Fortunately it was all settled before I arrived, and I was not permitted to hear their testimony, racy and otherwise, for I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the beautiful home over the

he was trying to think up something as radiantly beautiful as the scene before him. The argument on "Blondes vs. Brunettes" continued with odds in favor of the Blondes, until the Madam President rushed the twain precipitately to the refreshment room where we settled our differences over the tea cups—without hic—"cups."

Cutting back to the real story—as they do in pictures—I find the visit to Miami Beach one of colorful memories. The weather was perfect and the ride across the causeway spread before us a picture of laughing waters—the shimmering greens and blues changing with every swift-moving feathery cloud overhead. Miami Beach is a marine picture that has ever defied the master genius of marine artists. The line of white foam falls upon the silvery sands in cloud-like ripples, while in the distance is the purple hue defining the boundaries of the deep running warm-tempered Gulf Stream. On these beaches the violet rays of the sun and the tonic of the air has wrought miracles. After all, this is the great story of fair Florida. On the drive were the beautiful estates owned and built by men famous for achievement. A list of the names reads like a veritable "Who's Who"—masters of finance, to say nothing of authors, artists and a myriad of others who share alike in the widespread health-giving climate for which this area is renowned.

* * *

On this land reclaimed from the mangrove swamp, Mr. Carl G. Fisher, following in the wake of intrepid pioneer, John F. Collins, now 90 years of age, has created a



Miss May Steadman, Scene in Plaza at Coral Gables

bridge when I heard the Chairman announce "We have with us today"—and I certainly was with them. Here were blondes and brunettes, pronounced and neutral, with a radiance of smiles irresistible. Do you wonder that I started in to talk about flowers, buds and blossoms, and called to my companion-in-arms, Mr. Ballard Dunn of the *Omaha Bee* for help. He was soon the busiest bee that ever made honey, for

tropical Fairyland beyond compare. Near the stately Nautilus the witching Flamingo with its great glass dome an ever changing color eye, winks an eternal invitation, and altogether with the exclusive King Cole and the homey Lincoln, are some of the hotels in which the hospitable spirit of Carl Fisher reigns. The imposing tower of the Roney Plaza resting its architectural beauty snugly by the sea, has already be-

come a landmark. It is a monument to N. B. T. Roney who has had much to do in making Miami Beach the popular rendezvous for Winter and Summer guests. It was here that the M. E.'s with their wives were guests of the Miami Beach Women's Club for lunch, followed by a visit to the polo field, where an exhibition match of this sport was enjoyed. Then there is the Pancoast with its flashing pictures of sea scape that remains a lasting memory with the guests. At the Casino are the pools where celebrities gather for a salt water dip. Gene Tunney and Big Bill Edwards, to say nothing of stately Senators and Congressmen and magnates, were here gathered for the real hours of aquatic sport and pleasure.

Afternoon tea on the lawn at the Flamingo overlooking the Bay recalls scenes of children's parties in fancy dress. Here they gather for a real sport, riding the elephants and playing the games with the clowns and little donkeys that so delight the heart of childhood.

At the banquet Mr. Thomas Pancoast gave a vivid story of how the failure of a company to plant cocoanuts along the sixty miles of coast which included Miami Beach had resulted in its development as a city and pleasure resort. The story had all the romance of a best seller.

* * *

"And the sixth day"—

Old Sol decided to become a party to the picture and prepared for the pageant which had been postponed. Christopher Columbus arrived in his gay barge with his guard of Seminole Indians and retinue of helmeted Spanish soldiers to land on Miami's new bay front with ceremonies that recalled the historic incident—a date known to every school child in America. With bands playing, the procession led on to the throne in the pavilion where the Queen was crowned with a touch of royal splendor. All around were the bright and happy faces of the children who reigned supreme on this gala day. The pageant indicated the hope and enthusiasm and the "back country," for the floats were of original design representing nearly every phase of activity. There were even Ku Klux Klan, hooded and mysterious, in line with floats representing Jewish and Catholic institutions! A mission with Sunday School children happily singing was followed by a float representing a Night Club with a Jazz Band, to say nothing of one picturing the custom of drinking beer over the bar. Freedom in presentation of ideas in this pageant would have been severely censored in the older haunts of civilization of America.

* * *

The Saturday night festivities at the Coral Gables Country Club were a most unique occasion. In plain sight of the diners printing presses were running, distributing "extras" containing dispatches taken from the clicking wire. Each guest's name was recorded in a linotype slug and Western Union boys were busy distributing "telegrams" received from the home folks to the wayfaring editors. The scene was complete when the "benzine" bottle appeared on the "imposing stone" and gave

off the fumes of a real print shop. The guests were welcomed by Mrs. Morton H. Milford, who called upon Mayor Doc Dammers, the best and only Mayor that Coral Gables has ever had. He made them "thrice welcome" for there were three Mayors present to function, including Mayor Sewell of Miami and Mayor J. N. Lummus, Jr., of Miami Beach.



Lillian LaDuc, Miss St. Petersburg at Royal Hotel, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Out under the open sky with colored lanterns hanging from the palms, the dancing began as the band played "When the Moon Shines in Coral Gables." The lights were all turned off in the closing hours, as in the dreamy grayish softness of the light of the moon, to the strains of a waltz, the last hours were vignetted into memories that will never fade.

* * *

"And the seventh day"—

Editorial attention is now focused on Cecil DeMille's picture "The Ten Commandments." It was a Sunday of visiting with old friends and talking over the events of a wonderful week. Some heard the band play in the park, with five thousand visitors, and visited the artistic rockery, a sylvan spot in the park that has sprung up like magic. Many attended church—more played golf. It was indeed a day of rest and recreation to recover from a busy program of entertainment which had not permitted the editorial mind to think, much less to write a letter or send any "stuff" home. They were loath to leave and many even refused to say Goodbye, staying on and on, as have hundreds of thousands of other

visitors before them. They now understood "Why Miami" as never before.

With honking horns the hosts responded to the encore and the Old Guard were gathered on what is usually a Blue Monday back home and started for Palm Beach, with a police escort heralding their advance with shrieking sirens. This tour was another revelation of "What is Back of Miami." The welcome at Palm Beach hotel with its historic Royal Ponciana surrounded by the Royal Palms, recalled the fascinating scenes which long ago made Palm Beach the capital of the tropical fashionable South and created the Palm Beach suit.

The tea on the lawn at the Breakers, the resplendent new hotel just completed on the site of what Joe Jefferson pronounced a "glimpse of Paradise," was a delightful reflection of winter society at its best. Among the hosts was Mr. W. J. Connors of Buffalo, who has been called the Father of the Everglades. He responded to the call of Senator Wagg, who presided, and told of what had already been achieved in raising sugar in the Everglades. It was W. J. Connors who built the first highway into the Everglades uniting the East and West coasts and opened the way for the great agricultural development of the empire of the Everglades. His prediction that within ten years the United States would be raising within its borders all the sugar it consumed was greeted with an outburst of applause by the sweet-toothed throng. A trip on his yacht around Lake Worth viewing the business activities of West Palm Beach astonished many of the old timers among the editorial "We" who had thought of Palm Beach only as a Winter social centre.

* * *

That night came another "parting" when many of the guests insisted on returning to Miami, feeling that even with all they had seen—the "sights" were not yet half seen. They had expected to find a discouraged Miami and a disheartened Florida, but instead they found the buoyant spirit of Youth impressively apparent everywhere. During the pageant they met face to face nearly a hundred thousand people gathered on the streets to give greeting. The crowd included thousands of children, clear-eyed and alert, looking forward to playing their part in fulfilling the destiny of your Miami, my Miami, everybody's Miami—a truly American community in the making, a city with a composite population reflecting the energetic spirit of almost every other city and state in its struggles and triumphs following the immutable laws of development begun in the warmth and splendor of the tropics. Civilization now finds itself a master in conquering colder climates for comforts and is now looking forward to the leisure and restfulness of sunny lands where man began to build habitations. The gay old earth is finding itself exploited for every mood and circumstance of man's existence required to complete the dream of human happiness, to eventually return to the charms of an earthly Eden as a place of abode. This last paragraph was not written in Miami, inspired or suggested by any Miamian—it just rolled out of the suitcase on our return with a whiskered cocoanut.

How Miami Met an Editorial Test

A flock of nearly one hundred lynx-eyed, cynical "show me" managing editors visit the magic city of Florida—And now a Miami date line looks different on the editorial copy desk

A FLOCK of fifteen airplanes arose like a swarm of giant dragon-flies one morning before my very eyes en route to Panama. A flight to Cuba is now a pastime of a few hours, with regular service inaugurated, that bids fair to create commuters from the south as well as the north to Miami.

ensign of southern hospitality and pictorial romance, was typified in the courteous Clark Howell, publisher. His paper has printed, perhaps, more poems that have lived than any other one newspaper. For who could ever forget the verse of Frank Stanton, "Joe Chandler Harris," that first appeared in the

In these days of rapid transit, Asheville, North Carolina, is looked upon as a neighboring city, and James Hay, Jr., of the *Asheville Citizen* for once forgot his perorations concerning the land of the sky-blue waters and the area with sapphire skies, and mentioned the turquoise seas of Miami with poetic enthusiasm.

Gordon H. Place, managing editor of the *Agwi Steamship News*, was naturally looking toward the sea as the real gateway to Miami.

International News Service of New York, will have a more sunny flavor, for Mr. E. Barry Faris, General News Manager, insists he found more news in Miami in a week than you could find in any other like area in the country during the winter months.

My friend Grafton S. Wilcox, Associate Editor *Herald Tribune*, with whom I traveled in Harding's party throughout Alaska, noted with impressive words the contrast between that far-flung frontier line of Uncle Sam in the north and the tropical wonder of Miami. The *Herald Tribune's* famous Society Page in the winter time is usually aglow with the activities in the tropical territory of Uncle Sam.

The United Press Association will not lack for good mail stories in the future for the hibernating months of winter time, for D. N. Parry was numbered among the party and could not resist the impulse to use the typewriter every stray moment.

The Executive Editor of the famous *National Geographic Magazine* of Washington, Ralph Graves, was among the guests and some day that wonder publication will have a real story concerning Miami and southern Florida in colors, as well as it does concerning sights and scenes in Africa and Asia.

The famous fishing editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, Ed. G. Taylor, was marked absent from all events that occurred while the fishing was good. The South was one thing to him, but fishing was more, and he carried off the championship for the *Chicago Daily News* for having caught at least one real fish, no matter if it was a mullett.

The Kentucky colonels were typified in the courteous Lorenzo Martin of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who was greeted with the historic salutation that is supposed to have passed between the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina in reference to a time limit between paragraphs. Mr. Martin shines as a political editor, but for the time being forgot all politics in trying to describe a sunset.

C. W. Meyers, Assistant Editor of the *Daily News* at Dayton, Ohio, the home town of Governor J. M. Cox, was endeavoring to outdo the *Miami News* with an adjective avalanche.

The *Central Press* of Cleveland received



Victor Murdock and William Allen White wearing their sunflower smile when Betty Gulick appears after her swim. Thomas J. Pancoast a smiling spectator

The personnel of the managing editors who were the guests of Miami during the Palm Fete the first week of the year was rather unusual. It included the men who really direct the news of the newspapers.

Victor Murdock, of the *Wichita Eagle*, soared to the eyrie heights in an eloquence unsurpassed on any and all occasions.

William Allen White, attired in Palm Beach of pristine purity, 99.9%, was at his best, and stored away new and lasting impressions of fair Florida, of which the readers of the *Emporia Gazette* and his wide circle of magazine readers will hear more later.

Thomas R. Shipp, the publicity generalissimo, was present on all the important occasions, observing with those shrewd eyes of his what makes news and big news for Florida.

The shining *Star* of Peoria, Illinois, was represented by Publisher Seymour A. Oakley, and he never resented it when anyone mentioned a past product of Peoria in his presence. He is one of the real publishers who publish.

The old *Atlanta Constitution*, a veritable

revered and honored *Constitution* of Atlanta? At the time the publisher was basking in real warm sunshine, the thermometer in Atlanta was bobbing way below the freezing point.

Then there was J. Hampton Moore, who carried all the official dignity of a former member of Congress and Ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, without compromising the keen newspaper instinct of his early days. His tributes were always graced with the friendly spirit of the City of Brotherly Love.

When Howard L. White, the Assistant Editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, appeared, you felt that the pages of the paper founded by Horace Greeley would hereafter reflect the real truth and facts about Florida and Miami. There is a sort of affinity between the metropolis of the nation and the Magic City that is irresistible.

Kansas is always present, for was not H. E. Montgomery there with a sunflower smile, to say nothing of Dolph Simons of the *Journal World* of Lawrence, who fairly radiated the summer spirit of Kansas in winter time in Florida.

unusual stories from Frank McLean, because he insisted that he was in the center of winter activities in the United States while in Miami.

The energetic United Press Association will hereafter have a clear focus on Miami, for was not R. J. Bender, Vice-President and General News Manager, there? And Charles McCann, the Assistant Editor, who works under the gilded dome of the World Building in New York. The United Press Service now understands the full value of a Miami date line.

The very presence of Clinton D. Brainard of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, the erstwhile publisher of the *Washington Herald*, and a veteran observer of world-wide events, was "in our midst," so to speak, and even forgot the charmed beauty of his Spanish home on the roof of a New York skyscraper on Park Avenue, intimating that he had everything there reflecting Spain except a Miami sunset in the winter time.

Modest Howard Kahn, Editor of the *Daily News* at St. Paul, had left his little old Minnesota home with the thermometer way below zero. And do you wonder that he warmed up to his subject as he sent greetings home, insisting that he was thoroughly thawed out?

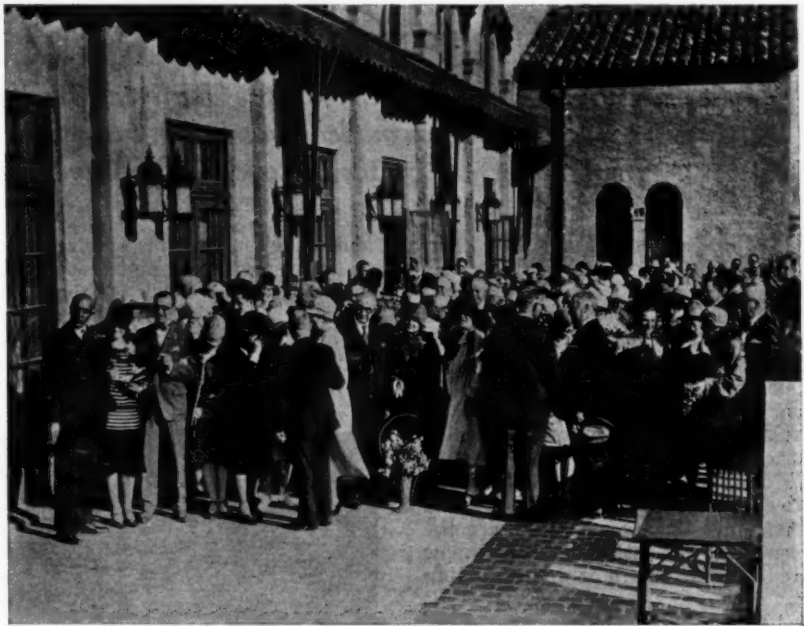
The staid dignity of Boston was upheld by Harold F. Wheeler, Editor of *The Traveler*. There was nothing cold or reserved in his actions under the mellowing influence of Miami sunshine. He now understands why Bostonians are so enthusiastic concerning the winter sunshine of Miami and have proven the most enthusiastic friends of Miami in her busy days of development.

The banner of old Tennessee, the state of David Crockett, was carried by Walter Cain, Editor of the *Nashville Banner*. He even eschewed discussing evolution, especially

reflected in the enthusiastic work of impressions by Charles W. Duke, the Sunday Editor, is insurance that Philadelphia readers

even in the wild and lurid tales of Africa and South American explorers.

Springfield in Ohio, one of the twenty-one



Some of the editors gathered at the Miami Biltmore after a good meal, with Thomas R. Shipp and Bascom Slemp in the lefthand corner

will have some real good stuff for the quietude of Sunday hours.

An innovation was given the Hon. S. Wallace Dempsey, Chairman Rivers and Harbors Committee, U. S. House of Representatives, because his faith and enthusiasm founded on facts and thorough investigation, was early

sister Springfields in various states, is the home address of Edgar Morris, Editor *Daily News*, but a few days in Miami made him almost forget his beloved Ohio, until someone mentioned a presidential candidate, and then the native spirit asserted itself when he casually remarked with Ohioan modesty that Ohio had already furnished eight presidents and was ready to serve the country still further if so desired.

The regattas at Miami have long been decreed an event in motorboating, and it was quite natural that C. F. Chapman of *Motorboating* should be among the guests.

Flashes of electrical development were evidenced when Dudley T. Hill of the *Schenectady Daily Gazette* was trying to explain to the reporters how to spell the name of his town.

The *Nomad of New York*, a magazine that specializes in travel, will now have more material concerning the southland because Albert Stevens Crockett was there.

The historical motto of Admiral Perry was recalled when John J. Meade, Jr., of the *Erie Daily Times* hove into sight and hailed his compatriots with the old motto, paraphrased "We have met our hosts, and they are ours, and we are theirs."

From Binghamton came Mrs. Emma H. Van Warner, who jovially accepted the play upon her last name with equanimity, admitting that the weather might be warmer.

From Kalamazoo, Mich., came John K. Walsh, who took copious notes for his *Gazette* and observed keenly the celery patches in the Redlands rivaling the pre-eminent Michigan product.

Pioneer days were suggested when we say South Bend, from whence came the Studebaker "prairie schooners." Sidney B. Whipple of the *News Times* was there to see that South Bend did not miss any of the curves in the road of progress.

When the *Sun-Telegraph* of Pittsburgh

Continued on page 284



A modern fish story presented with evidence in the way of specimens that serve as affidavits. Note the serious look of the company—the sea was rough

when there was good redsnapper or pompano on the menu.

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, associated with the memories of George W. Childs and the enterprise of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the world's greatest publisher, as

manifested in helping to make Miami one of the famous ports of the Atlantic seaboard.

When R. P. Holland, Editor of the *Field and Stream*, started out by himself in the jungle, he insisted that he found more rare things to write about for sportsmen than

Developing "Chicago's High Spot"

Harold J. McElhinny discovers a district on the south side in suburban district of the Midwest Metropolis which he planned to make a model community, located in the World Fair district area where the anniversary of the discovery of Columbus was celebrated in 1893

MANY of the older real estate operators in Chicago are watching with keen interest Harold J. McElhinny's campaign to create a model community on what he calls "Chicago's High Spot," a beautiful residential suburb on the southern outskirts of the city.

This is a region that has on many occasions attracted the attention of subdividers during the past fifty years. It was boomed during World Fair days in 1893 and many lots were sold. Some of the purchasers held on to their investments, and they are the lucky ones, for the entire district is now considered ripe for an era of great building activity.

Several spasmodic attempts have been made to interest investors in the region during the last ten years, but the only result was the sale of a few lots; there was no building campaign worth mentioning.

Suddenly, a few months ago, the announcement was made that a new subdivider was on the ground, and that his plans not only included the sale of lots in one of the choicest spots on the beautiful South Side of Chicago, but the building of one of the choicest suburban districts in the Chicago territory.

This new subdivider was Harold J. McElhinny, a young man of whom little was known in the field of Chicago real estate. It was admitted, however, that his plans were logical and absolutely feasible; the only question that arose was: in view of the several attempts to develop the community and which were unsuccessful, has the time arrived when such an enterprise can be undertaken with satisfactory financial results to the investors?

It is now conceded that Mr. McElhinny's vision of possibilities was no idle dream, and it is admitted that a thorough analysis of the district and an appreciation of the real needs of Chicago's great South Side led him to cut a path through the forest of doubt and inexperience that will enable him and the investors who have purchased property in the vicinity to realize on their investments.

Once in awhile a young man comes to the front with an idea. He is capable and enthusiastic and constantly keeps his eyes on the goal. We find such men playing the game for the game's sake long after there is any necessity for the stakes. They seem to possess a broader horizon of thought, and a nerve and strength of purpose that knows no such thing as failure. Such a man is Harold J. McElhinny.

Mr. McElhinny says he is in the real estate business in Chicago because he believes he can show investors how to make consid-

erable money in this line of investment. No city ever possessed better opportunities than Chicago does today for those who are anxious to acquire excellent financial results from small real estate purchases; and never was there a better field than in the fast growing south side of the city, he says.



Harold J. McElhinny, Chicago's Realtor

No one can fail to admire the breadth of imagination possessed by Mr. McElhinny when he went out to the South Side of Chicago and said: "Here we will build a real model community. Here we will establish banks, moving picture houses, high grade merchandising establishments and first-class residences." And this is the work which he has laid out for himself for the next ten years.

There was never a time in the history of Chicago when more firms and individuals were engaged in subdividing suburban lands than at present. Most of this work

is being carried on adjacent to the charter limits of the city, and almost fabulous prices are being paid for choice vacant acreage. Such lands when subdivided into lots have a ready sale, and but little trouble is experienced in placing these choice subdivisions on the market.

It is now realized that the promoters of World Fair days had very accurate opinions of Chicago's future greatness, for people are now willing to pay high prices for lots which were purchased from these original subdividers and later abandoned because it was supposed they were too far from the madding crowd that had located in the vicinity of the "Loop," which is Chicago's financial district.

Time has changed investment conditions in Chicago. Many of these subdivisions are the real profit producers, and lucky is the man who has been far-sighted enough to realize what was coming and invested accordingly.

In selecting one of these old World Fair days tracts for the great community building scheme which he had in mind, Harold J. McElhinny initiated a great South Side commercial and banking enterprise.

The community is ripe for such an undertaking, and with one of Chicago's most enthusiastic and energetic young men at the helm it may confidently be expected that the enterprise will mark a conspicuous place in Chicago's Twentieth Century history.

In the activities of this young real estate operator one finds enthusiasm for life and its tasks that is infectious. It opens up a vista of possibilities which must be very inspiring to every youth who is about to embark on a voyage of commercial discovery. It shows the possibilities of successful achievement when enthusiasm, energy and integrity are dominating factors.

Such ideals and accomplishments are worthy of recognition and admiration, and they should be given the recognition they deserve, for general encouragement is the mental nourishment of youth. To withhold it is foolish and harmful. In a world which has far from recovered from the exhaustion of a great war the greatest personal enthusiasm is required, and this may best be secured by early specialization.

Mr. McElhinny has had an early training in fundamentals, order and arrangement which enables him to see things in proper perspective. Being a close student of history and biography he understands cause and effect and all those factors that win success, as well as those that breed failures.

Mr. McElhinny believes that in his South-town idea he sees an opportunity to write his name conspicuously in one of Chicago's

most beautiful and most promising districts. Here, he thinks, will be the future great residential community of the South Side, and here will be needed great commercial, financial and amusement enterprises. He is now in a position to dictate where they shall be located and also their character.

In discussing his ambitions and experiences Mr. McElhinny dropped this bit of wisdom: "Whatever view you take of life in Chicago never look with the view of pessimism and despair. Let us cultivate enthusiasm for human uplift and for civic betterment."

There has been a perplexing problem in the minds of thinking people for several years whether or not the subdivision activities around Chicago are really in harmony with sound economics and civic requirements. We see the little white stakes of the subdividers standing like grim sentinels many miles from the city. In many cases there are no transportation facilities, except the highways, and these, of course, can only be used to advantage by those who own automobiles.

It is safe to say that the lots in these remote subdivisions have been sold to unthinking people who knew nothing of the factors of good investment. Most of them will bear their losses in patience, and the world will move along without giving the injury which has been inflicted upon innocent people any particular concern.

Nevertheless, much of these subdivision activities are out of harmony with human interests or municipal requirements, and it must be admitted that discord, whether in music or the affairs of life is liable to lead to anything but pleasing results.

Harmony has always been regarded as a prelude to progress. In music no note is its true self unless it is in right relationship to other notes, and only in harmony can it reach its highest destiny.

And this is true of every phase of life. Every economic problem, every stage of municipal development and business procedure depends for its success upon right relationship. The policy of an enterprise might be plausible in itself, but if it is out of relationship with the actual needs of a city and its people—if the plans of the promoters are out of tune—there is discord and trouble.

Harold J. McElhinny's building activities in Chicago bring a freshening breeze to the field of subdivision activities. They are in strict harmony with the home and investment requirements of the western metropolis, and they represent a prelude to a future story of real community development which some historian will describe as "a bright spot on a high spot."

In a recent interview Mr. McElhinny gave as his opinion the prediction that real estate in Chicago's suburbs, and in fact the suburbs of all progressive American cities, will have to be sold in the future upon its true adaptability to immediate development; that the policy of going into remote districts and subdividing acreage and selling lots without improvements, and without transportation facilities, must be changed.

Here, as far as the written word can go, is a sentence of failure on certain real estate activities surrounding our American cities. In many leading European cities the dangers of unbridled subdivision activities were realized years ago, and means were adopted to check the growing tendency to sell lands for homes that would not be logically ripe for development for many years to come.

"There is hardly a week," said Mr. McElhinny, "that some tired subdivider who has wandered too far from the beaten path does not come to me with a proposition to carry to completion the work he began and cannot finish. The handwriting on the wall seems to be very plain to several who went into the subdivision business with much enthusiasm but weak expediency."

"Chicago will grow for many years to come," he said, "but it will grow intelligently and methodically. It will expand like the ripple in a pool of water when a stone is thrown into it. The agitation will begin at the spot where the stone is thrown into the water and gradually move outward. Hence it will be the areas that adjoin developed properties that will first feel the benefits of advancing values."

Mr. McElhinny's rise to a proud position in the Chicago real estate field is an object lesson to every ambitious young man. He has won a reputation through indefatigable energy and splendid perseverance, supplemented by high ideals regarding what constitutes the golden rule in business.

He does not attach any blame to his parents because circumstances compelled him to earn his own living at an early date. "Dad did the best he could," he said, "and I was always welcome to share in anything he had."

To his youthful mind various fields of endeavor seemed promising, and he tried them one after another. He sold papers and shined shoes; he was at one time a pop-corn vendor. Then he was seen in the prize ring as a bantam-weight boxer, and they say he gave a very good account of

himself. He had fourteen battles, and won them all but one, which was a draw.

"Mr. McElhinny's prize ring experiences were very valuable," he said, "for they taught him the important lesson that self-reliance and grim determination are two of the most important factors that win battles."

He thinks that study and close application will surmount difficulties and gain success, while indifference and carelessness are harbingers of failure. "Many people are always talking about poor luck," he said, "but my experience teaches me that the harder I work the more luck I have."

When he entered the subdivision business in Chicago he was not an ordinary novice. He was a good talker, and of pleasing personality; he knew Chicago and had some well-defined ideas as to the direction in which the city is bound to grow. Then again, he is a student of history and biography. He is an admirer of our old friend, the late Elbert Hubbard, and bound volumes of "The Little Journeys" occupy a prominent place in his library.

Home, to this ambitious young man, is the most charming spot on earth; and his domestic environments are in every sense ideal. In that little mansion he is always found when the day's work is done, and to see him romping and playing with his three little children is most inspiring.

He says that the home-owning idea is an instinct in not only human beings, but among the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest. It is one of the laws of nature and should be admired and respected. In furthering such ideals Mr. McElhinny has sold approximately \$2,500,000 worth of real estate for building purposes this year.

Here is an example of the nerve of this young real estate specialist. He had \$150 in a savings bank when his attention was called to a \$7,500 building for sale. He felt that the property was a bargain at that price, and a good profit could be secured if he purchased it.

The owner wanted a down payment of \$1,000. Mr. McElhinny got him to reduce it to \$500, and borrowed the lacking \$350 from a friend. He sold the property in seventeen months, making \$3,250 on the transaction. All he invested of his own money was the \$150 which he had in the savings bank.

He cites this case as an illustration of the possibilities for investment in Chicago real estate. This, however, is insignificant when compared with the fortunes many other men have made on small investments in property in that wonderful western city.

Mr. McElhinny sums up life's vicissitudes and has come to the conclusion that if success is to be achieved it can only come through honest effort and constant work.



Tickleweed and Feathers

The employer called his secretary. "Here, John, look at this letter. I can't make out whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer. They're both named Smith."

And this is what John said: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday.—Smith."

Smith—I wish I had one of the crisp rolls that mother used to make.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, and I wish you had one of the crisp rolls that father used to carry.—*New York Sun.*

Bessie had a new dime to invest in an ice cream soda.

"Why don't you give your dime to the missions?" said the minister who was calling.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I'll buy the ice cream soda and let the druggist give it to the missions."

The Oasis—Tourist—About what is the population of this place?

Native—About the post office.—*Webfoot.*

He—You must economize! Think of the future. If I were to die, where would you be?

She—I should be here all right. The question is—Where would you be?

—*Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield).*

"I often wondered why the English were tea drinkers."

"Yes?"

"Yep, but I know now. I had some of their coffee."—*Punch Bow.*

Doctor (examining life insurance prospect)—Do you ever talk in your sleep?

Prospect—No, but I often talk in other people's sleep.

Doctor—But how can that be?

Prospect—I'm a college professor.

—*College Humor.*

The magistrate bent stern brows on the defendant.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit last night," he exclaimed. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, you can decide for yourself, Judge," replied the prisoner. "I was in that car you passed just before they pinched me."

—*American Legion Monthly.*

An old ducky got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters, you know an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed hen roosts and stole hawgs, an' told lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks with mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed and swore; but I thank the Lord

dere's one think I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost mah religion."

"We must pause," said the professor, climbing out of his flivver.

"Yes, my dear," said his wife, "I heard the tire punctuate."—*Clipped.*

"Bigotry," according to an item that comes to us by way of *Our Colored Missions*, is encountered "when a girl gets married two times. But when she am married de third time, dat am trigonometry."

It was their honeymoon.

"Have all your bachelor friends congratulated you?" asked the bride, as she nestled closer.

"Some did," said the bridegroom; "the others thanked me."—*Boston Globe.*

A minister in addressing his flock, began, "As I gaze about me I see a great many bright and shiny faces."

Just then 87 powder puffs were brought into action.

Two Irishmen, one accompanied by his wife, met on the street.

Said Pat to Mike: "Let me present my wife to you."

"No, thank ye," replied Mike. "Oi got one of me own."

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will arouse the girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, madam," said the drug store clerk; "we keep just the ordinary kind—that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

A lady entered our drug store the other day and asked the clerk for twenty cents' worth of salted peanuts. Thinking she had said saltpeter, he answered: "Madam, you will have to have an explosive license."

She exploded at once!

He—Did you know that we have a family skeleton?

She—Goodness, yes; the whole world has known it since it first saw you in a bathing suit.—*Boston Globe.*

Brother's lost a button from his \$14 shirt, Mother's sewing fasteners on her \$40 skirt. Sister's nice and comfy in her \$80 fur, And father works like sixty for his \$30 per.

Mrs. Cawshus (handing her hubby a saucer full of white powder)—Ed, taste that and tell me what it is.

Mr. Cawshus—It tastes like soda.

Mrs. Cawshus—That's what I told the cook. She declares it is rat poison. Taste it again to make sure.

"Pa, you remember you promised to give me \$5 if I passed in school this term?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"Well, Pa, you ain't gonna have that expense."—*Christian Leader*

Customer—I wish to select a birthday present for my husband, and can't think of anything. He doesn't smoke, nor drink, nor play cards.

Salesman (hoping to make a helpful suggestion)—Is he fond of fancy work?

—*Women's Wear*

Workmen were making repairs on the wires in a schoolhouse one Saturday, when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?"

"Installing an electric switch," replied one of the workmen.

Some men may smile in face of death,

While others only frown.

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When his garter's coming down.

—*Printer's Ink Monthly*

Twenty-five years ago

We put our shirts on over our heads.

Nobody wore a wrist watch.

Women didn't vote.

Anybody could hitch up a horse.

A 5-cent cigar was a cigar.

—*Capper's Weekly*

Jimmy—Mother, didn't you say it would make baby sick if I gave him all his medicine at once?

Mother—I certainly did.

Jimmy—But, mother, dear, it hasn't.

"Have you been to any other doctor before you came to see me?" asked the grouchy doctor.

"No, sir," replied the weak patient. "I went to a druggist."

"You went to a druggist!" exclaimed the doctor. "That shows how much sense people have! And what idiotic advice did the damphool druggist give you?"

"He told me to come and see you," replied the patient.

Winning Radio Program Prizes

Continued from page 267

Sometimes I wonder if we young fellows appreciate all that Radio means to us in an economic as well as in an educational and entertaining way. I will gladly admit, although not disliking the theatre, I find the Radio of today with its well selected programs affording much greater enjoyment than the average picture and vaudeville which one would like to attend. A quiet evening at home with a well-selected bit of music on the Radio seems to express so much sentiment of the song "The End of a Perfect Day."

In all the hundreds of stations that echo through the ether daily, only a small number provide a program that will make the average young listener "stand by" for any length of time. The organized "hours" together with the present system of "hook up" chains provide every listener with a fine musical evening adapted to any mood or taste.

Even out of the large number of "best" programs one may have a choice. I have a favorite program which seems to be so much in harmony with its slogan "good to the last drop." The Maxwell House Coffee Hour has every characteristic of a well balanced program. Sometimes I can even imagine myself sniffing coffee as it percolates, bringing pictures of the home of Andrew Jackson

EMMETT C. WEBER, Brookline, Mass.



"Get the message through"

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



IN THE Sixties the "pony express" carried the mail over mountain and Indian wildernesses from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco. The express riders and station keepers won undying fame for getting the message through, regardless of hardship or danger.

Today, in the city of Denver, there is rising on the site of one of the old pony express corrals another splendid structure dedicated to the service of modern message-bearing—the new headquarters building of one of the companies of the Bell System. In fact and in spirit, the

Bell System is the lineal descendant of the pony express.

It is this spirit of responsibility that causes operators to risk their lives by remaining at their switchboards in the face of fire, flood or other great danger. The same spirit calls linemen or repairmen to go out, even at the risk of their lives, to repair the lines in time of accident or storm.

There are no instructions requiring Bell System employees to endanger their lives. It is the spirit of communication that bids them, "Get the message through."



Orange Street, Nantucket

As a native of Cuba and a resident of Havana, I would like to enter my choice of the programs which are received in Cuba. The Radio fans in America seem to be very keen on getting Cuba with a crystal set, but we seem to have no difficulty in getting stations in the United States. The one program that seems to be understood best and appreciated by the Cubans is the Atwater Kent, because our people love opera and opera singers. We do not have the opportunity of hearing them in person, and consequently, appreciate it when they appear in the Atwater Kent programs. Of course, it would not do to say we do not appreciate jazz and other programs, but I suppose Atwater Kent would be first on the list of many if asked offhand what is the best program we receive from the United States. We also enjoy hearing from your President over the Radio, and are looking forward to seeing him in person. Perhaps I ought to say that his broadcasts are my favorites, but I do not understand that he is listed as a regular program, hence I vote for the Atwater Kent Hour.

SERGIO GOMEZ, Havana, Cuba

Lyrical Landscapes with a Tang o' the Sea

Continued from page 252

uncle, Wm. P. Stephens, is a yacht designer and a cousin, Charles Stephens, is a painter.

To look upon Henry S. Eddy of today at work in a shady spot under the old elms in Nantucket, or at his studio in Westfield, New Jersey, reveals an artist in love with the work. His paintings have been sent about the country in traveling exhibitions, comprised entirely of his own canvases and have furnished an inspiration for many art students studying at colleges in the mid West and the South.

To chat with him concerning his work gives one a glimpse of the quiet modesty of the man. With smooth face and features that indicate the artistic temperament, one

finds in the presence of a thinker the dark eyes that glow in conversation as they do when he is working fast with his brush, to catch that evanescent instant which is passing, and hold it for the permanence of a painting that multiplies the enjoyment of that particular hour or scene, portraying and reprojecting it many, many times to thousands of other people who cannot help but go with him down the shady streets of Nantucket or far afield in foreign lands where his paintings constitute a memory book of impressions gathered by an American artist seeking new scenes in old lands to preserve the familiar old scenes in new lands. He is one artist who seems to always have a sociability in his work that makes one feel when they have an Eddy painting about, they have a canvas that is real company.

BEYOND DEATH—WHAT?

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The personal evidences of life after death that one life-long investigator has experienced are interestingly and strikingly set forth in

“Fifty Years in Psychic Research”

A remarkable record of phenomenal facts by

JOSEPH F. SNIPES

PREFACE

THE reader of this volume, whether skeptic or believer, must pardon the personal nature of the following numerous and uncommon messages and facts, from many different sources, as necessary for consistency and corroboration, after lapses of many years between their deliverance.

With all these evidences, and with ordinary faith in the honesty and intent of the careful relator, it is hoped they will be received with due interest concerning a paramount subject which everybody must eventually consider and respect.

Separations, in time of war or peace, by accident or disease, are inevitable, and no class of humans, editors, preachers, or others, can nullify this universal truth. But so generally diffused today is phenomenal information in scientific, religious and domestic life, that wide acceptance of super-normal facts is no longer considered deserving of ignorant prejudice, nor indicative of mental incompetence.

A few of the many inspiring lessons conveyed and suggested by these ministrations I think are the following:

That personal communications vary in thought and expression according to the mentality, cultivation and desire of the speakers, and the timely needs evoking them.

That spirit people are still natural and human, the same distinct individuals in mind and heart, with a counterpart body surprisingly light and relieved of all former pain and deformity.

That it is part of our future education and pleasure, with intensified soul sense, to continue our identity and affection for our earthly friends, and to seek every possible avenue for recognition by impression and speech.

That future change in spirit life is a gradual emergence and growth into better states, without shock or grief, after close of mortal ties.

That the highest permanent law of life and happiness is Service; that the only fateful arbiter is Conscience, and proper thoughts and deeds.

That there is no material Hell, without or within the globe, for graded deserts; that life's ill-conduct, injustice and memories, alone create the fires of mental distress; that we begin where we leave off, and hunger for self-redemption.

That the greatest inspiration for hopeful living is satisfying proof that death does not kill, is not a dreadful enemy, but the friend of human evolution.

That spirit communications are not necessarily august and unnatural, but the only conclusive evidence of human survival, affection and progress.

An unproven question is reincarnation. But what progress is there in a constant repetition of accidental physical conjunction and infantile ignorance?

Does not reason deny the need of a wandering shapeless consciousness searching for human embodiment? Do not the spiritual facts prove continual opportunity and desire for progress? Should they not convince us that the bottom is knocked out of the bottomless, that the future life is but another free gift, that the Omnipotent Father is not a pitiless Warden of an eternal prison, that the “resurrection” of all bodies of the past, present and future, does not depend upon the blast of a Gabriel horn for orderly huddling of human bones after indefinite ages of delay and decay?

Many of these regular verbatim talks were discontinued for a time during the great World War, from communicators like Thomas Paine, Horace Greeley, and Henry Ward Beecher, who declared they were needed missionaries to the wounded and dying boys abroad. But since the close of this half-century record, the same coveted privilege of frequent communion with kin and friends and others has continued, and promises to continue as long as life and its conditions and devotion remain; especially through the mediumship of my gifted psychic wife, and myself, in private life.

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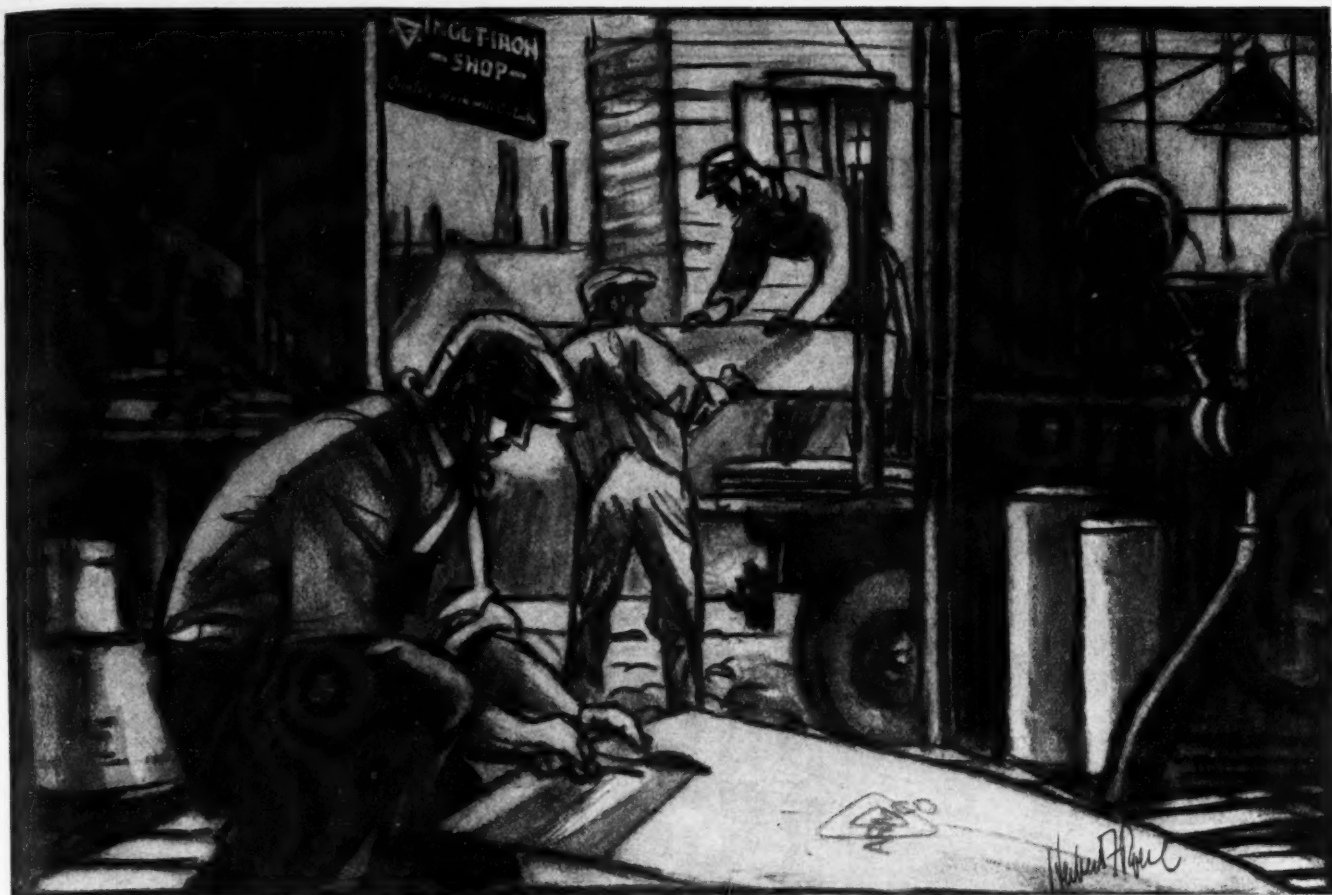
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How Miami Met an Editorial Test

Continued from page 275

shines, you know that William Pfarr has been on the Managing Editor's desk and the Smoke City readers will catch a gleam of Miami sunlight in his accounts.

The Literary Editor of the *New York World*, Harry Hanson, now understands why so many of the novels and motion pictures have chapters relating to the sunny Southland, and the authors will be more leniently dealt with who indulge themselves in a description of Uncle Sam's "sunny room."

A record of events is never considered complete in Philadelphia unless it appears in the *Daily Record*, according to Editor Melville F. Ferguson who was busy with his impressionistic eye to see that chronicles were complete.

When it comes to resorts, Archie Seixas of the *New York Tribune* knows them all, but now he admits that he knows Miami just a little better than ever.

The "Spirit of St. Louis" was not forgotten, even if Lindy did not arrive during the conference, for S. L. Van Petten, Assistant Editor of the *Globe Democrat*, was there to tell them all about it, representing "We"—all of us.

Popular Science Monthly will be even more popular when Editor Sumner M. Blossom's account of his Miami expedition appears.

An authority on golf as well as the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*, William Henry Beers gathered astonishing information as to the number of new links that blossomed in tropic Florida.

Minneapolis, nigh unto the place where the laughing waters of Minnehaha are supposed to flow, was recalled when W. C. Robertson, Editor of the *Daily Star*, appeared.

As the home of the first iron foundry in the country, Lynn, Mass., has a distinction; but Harold D. Volpey of the *Daily Times* of that city, had the real time of his life in Miami and for the nonce overlooked recalling historical dates.

The busiest bee among them all was Ballard Dunn of the *Omaha Bee News*. He indulged in flowery sentiment and made some practical observations concerning a Florida that might be large enough to care for a transplanted Nebraska in the winter time. Then, too, he had the distinction of looking like William Jennings Bryan in his prime.

A national gathering would be incomplete without a delegate from the Hoosier State. B. F. Lawrence of the Star League of Newspapers in Indianapolis stood reverently at hand when he visited the tree on Miami Beach planted by James Whitcomb Riley.

The spirit of Charles A. Dana hovered over George Van Slyke, the managing editor of the *New York Sun*, as his face began to shine with a new interpretation of what a dispatch from Miami represented in the run of news.

When it comes to travel and conducting parties to remote places on earth, the *Brooklyn Eagle* occupies a foremost place among newspapers in broadcasting information first hand through personal contact. H. M. Crist, the Managing Editor, was not permitting anything to escape his observation as to the Magic City and environments.

Roland Harrison, Assistant Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston, pointed out the handsome Christian Science Temple in Miami as an evidence of faith of the right kind of people in the future of Florida.

Reference was made to the Rock of Gibraltar when they learned that Arthur J. Sin-

nott of the *Newark Evening News* was on the list of guests. He has even surpassed the activities of the days when he was Washington correspondent in keeping the good people of Newark abreast the times through the columns of his paper.

Grayce Druitt Latus, the feature writer of the *Post Gazette*, Pittsburgh, made some mighty interesting comments as a society editor concerning the composite character of Miami social circles.

Years ago it was my good fortune to come in contact with a great managing editor of a great newspaper. For was I not one of his correspondents up in the back woods of Wisconsin amid the real live icebergs of Lake Superior? Winthrop Chamberlin, managing editor of the *Minneapolis Journal*, and forty-one years with that newspaper, has long been known as a man who knows real news, and he insists that he found an abundance of the real article in and around Miami. Mrs. Helen S. Greenhow, of Hornell, N. Y., has written some material showing the Hornell people just how it was done in Miami.

There were times when the party was augmented by distinguished Congressmen and Senators and H. N. Rhodenbaugh, President of the Florida East Coast Railway.

Memories of the poet, Longfellow, naturally came to the mind of Fred K. Owen of the *Portland Telegram* as he looked upon the ships in the harbor, adding Miami as one of the cities that "sit by the sea."

Again the publicity guns were turned upon Miami. Modest newspaper men who have seldom seen their names in print were played up on the front pages of the papers which they were accustomed to make up, and basked in a real spotlight. Consciously or unconsciously, they have been making others famous and now found themselves on a publicity pedestal. They blinked innocently, but good naturedly accepted the Miami fame that was thrust upon them. Speaking at public gatherings, posing for pictures, giving out interviews, they were taking their own medicine in their contact with the irrepressible Miami interviewer. "What do you think of our city? Do you like our flowers, our oranges, our radishes. 'Do you know your onions?'" Depend upon it, the editors knew their onions and evolved a distinctively Floridian vernacular. They came to address each other in the words they had heard oft repeated, viz.: "Avocado monstero delicisio, pompano, allapatah, Hialeah?" The colloquial query usually followed "Koom-quat?" a word that always implied a question.

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